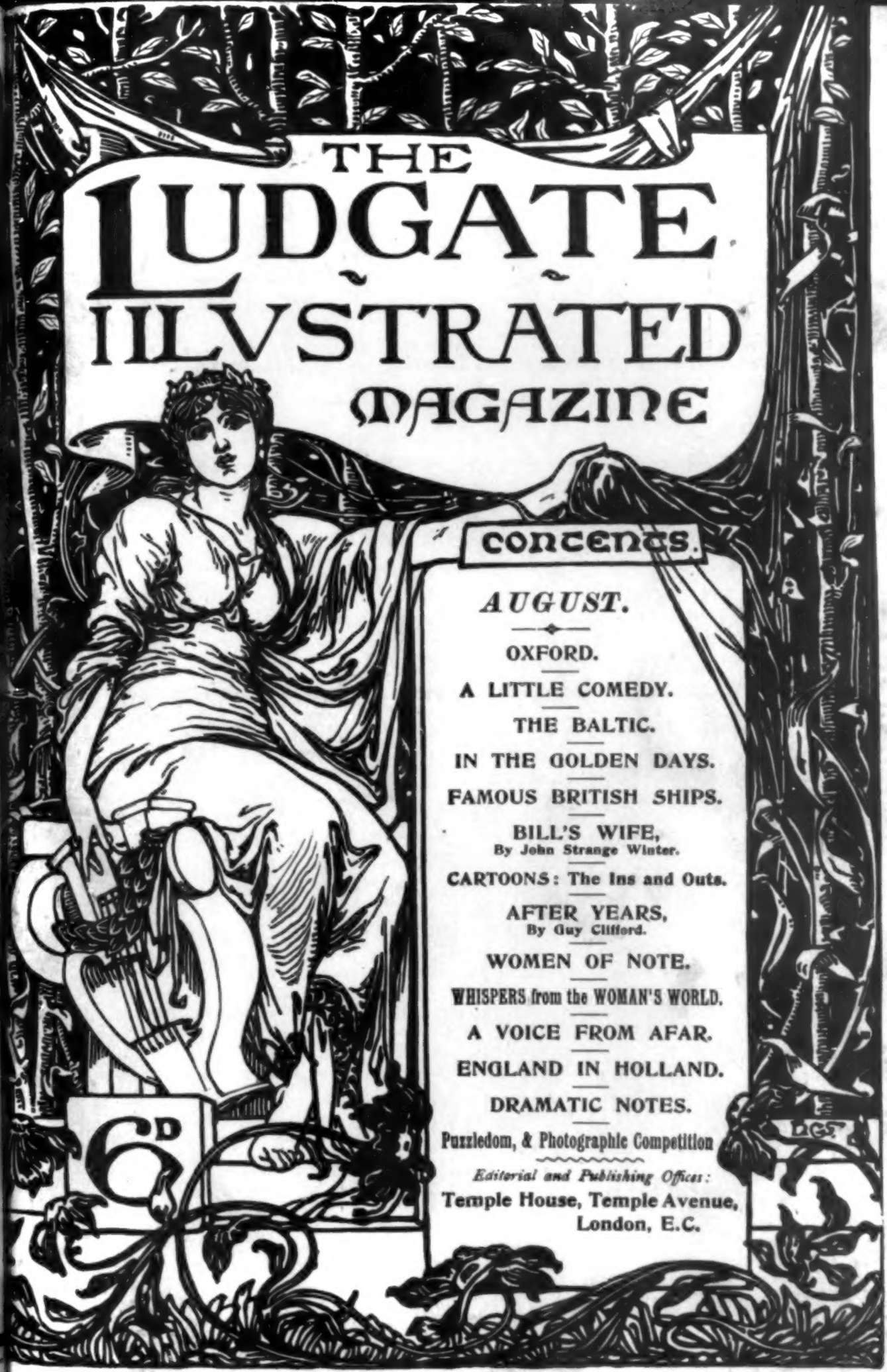
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NOTHING FOR THEM TO FEED ON.

YOU have read about the Great Plague in London, I suppose. If not, get De Foe's book on the subject, or "Pepys' Diary," and do so. It is a ghastly story, yet instructive; for in the end the Plague did a lot of good, together with the great fire that followed it. How? By setting the people to looking into the cause of it, and finding out ways to prevent its repetition. London isn't afraid of plagues nowadays—not even of epidemics of cholera. No. Because it doesn't tolerate the dirt and filth that breeds disease. How simple. Yet centuries on end, full of death and dismay, passed, before the wisest men got that simple idea through their heads. Events abide their time. Nature never *forces* her help upon us. "There are abundant means of salvation in me," she says, "but you must find them out and learn how to use them."

Thirty years ago an English lady, whose letter, by her permission, we are about to quote, lived in Madras, India. There she had an attack of what she, properly enough, calls malarial fever, from the effects of which she did not recover for many years. Now there used to be much mystery attached to the word "malaria" in the popular mind. We now know that it means air loaded with poisonous matters, or germs, which inhaled, cause disease. Bad air; that's it—bad air, nothing more. But that's enough, and often too much.

"Well," she writes, "upon my return to England I was in a low, languid state of health. I had a poor appetite and after meals a deal of pain at the chest, acidity and palpitation of the heart. Although not actually laid up I was never free from pain and discomfort, and became extremely weak. I tried different kinds of medicine, but obtained no real relief from them.

"In the spring of 1880 a small book was placed in my hands, in which I read of cases like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In hope that it might prove of benefit to me, I procured a supply from Mr. Thompson, a chemist, in Bow Road, and, after using it a short time I experienced great relief. Encouraged by this result I continued taking the Syrup, and soon my appetite improved, and food caused me no more distress or pain. After using this medicine three months *my health was completely restored*, and I felt brighter and more lively than I had for years.

"I now keep Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and if at any time I do not feel quite well a few doses soon puts me right. Owing to the great benefit I have received from this now famous remedy I constantly recommend it to my friends, and for the same reason I am willing that you should publish my statement, if you think it may be of interest to the public. (Signed) Elizabeth Homan, 18, Coleridge Road, Crouch End, London, January 18th, 1895."

Although Mrs. Homan does not say so, it is more than probable that her digestive system was more or less disordered before she was attacked by the fever, as we now know that the germs of any febrile disease act more sharply and multiply more rapidly under such conditions. At all events, on her return to England indigestion and dyspepsia became chronic with her, and so continued, until she fortunately read of, and used, Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The regrettable fact is that she should have suffered so many years from a disease which, as her letter shows, was curable in three months.

But, as I have said, events take their time. Great discoveries in medicine, as in mechanics, come slowly. Now, however, let us hope the plague of dyspepsia may become as rare as the pestilence that once made such havoc in London.

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Rambles Through England.

THE ANCIENT CITY AND UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

"In this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguished seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest?
Like a rich gem, in circling gold enshrin'd
Where Isis waters wind
Along the sweetest shore
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands."

SO sang the Poet Laureate in George II.'s reign, and so stands Oxford to-day. It is Nature's own site for a beautiful town. The Isis and the Cherwell gliding silently through the city add their never-failing charm, whilst the pinnacles and domes of the ancient buildings point their fingers heavenwards, as though inviting mortals to turn their thoughts to things eternal.

Although the University of Oxford dates back to the 13th century, the city was renowned as a seat of learning long previous to that period. A famous antiquary, Antony à Wood, traces the establishment of a city back 1,000 years before Christ when Memphric, a King of the Britons, built the town, calling it Caer Memphric. In later times it was called Rydchen, meaning in Celtic a Ford of Oxen, and later still, in Saxon times it changed again to Oxenford, whence our present name.

The city was destroyed in 449 and rebuilt by Vortigern.

The chief attraction at Oxford is undoubtedly the University, the principal and most ancient seat of classical education and learning in the three kingdoms. Its origin is so buried in the distant past that very little can be now traced of the birth of Oxford as a centre of knowledge. Tradition, however, ascribes to Alfred the Great, who resided there, the honour of being its founder, or, at any rate, the chief mover in the great work which he encouraged and



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL

fostered. Then this embryo of an University consisted of lodging-houses for students, and more than a hundred are mentioned in ancient MSS.

From this time, up to the reign of Henry III., the University prospered and increased, but in 1229 there arose much bitterness of feeling among the students and the towns-people, and the majority of the English students thereupon left Oxford and founded a new home at Northampton. At the king's invitation their vacancies were filled by one thousand French students, who came over from Paris; but the quarrel was soon smoothed over, and in a few years they returned to their old quarters at the special request of the king and towns-folk.

During the reign of Edward III., however, the old quarrel was revived with greater acrimony than previously; blood was shed, and in one fight the students are stated to have lost sixty-two killed.

There are at the present day twenty-one Colleges and six Halls, which



BALLIOL COLLEGE

constitute the University of Oxford; each of these has a separate administration, although all are governed by the statutes of the University. Each College is maintained by the funds arising from the bequests made at the foundation, and which have been added to by various benefactors from time to time. The Halls, however, not being corporate bodies, have their funds held in trust for them by the University authorities.

The University, which bears the title of "Chancellor, Masters and Scholars of the University of Oxford," consists of the Chancellor, who holds office for life (Lord Salisbury is the present Chancellor); the High Steward (at present the Earl of Carnarvon), also elected for life; the Vice-Chancellor, and two Proctors, both elected annually. The remainder of the Corporation consists of the Professors, Masters, Fellows and Students.

By a special statute passed in 1863, any person may now become a member of the University without entering one of the Colleges, provided certain disciplinary

requirements are completed, and the number of students forming an average attendance approaches very close to two thousand.

There is very little now remaining of the old castle and its protecting walls or fortifications; a solitary tower alone stands as a memento of the once famous Castle, and the best remnants of the massive wall are to be found in the gardens of New College.

Oxford has taken its part in many stirring scenes of our national history. William the Conqueror besieged and captured the city, presenting the Castle to Robert d'Oili. A legend asserts that the Empress Maude was so closely besieged in the city by Stephen that she sought safety in escape; shrouded in white and accompanied by a few faithful knights she made her way through the heavy snow one winter's night to Abingdon.



MERTON COLLEGE INNER GATEWAY

Kings Richard I. and John were born at Oxford.

During the Civil War Oxford held out for the King and melted down much of its valuable College plate to sustain his cause.

Parliament has assembled at Oxford on over twenty occasions, the first being in 1203 and the last in 1680.



ORIEL COLLEGE (THE DINING HALL)

Edward III. was educated at Balliol, whilst his son the Black Prince studied at Queen's College, and from that time most of our Royal Princes have at one time or another studied or resided in the famous town.

It was at Oxford that Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer suffered the penalty of the stake rather than sacrifice their belief. The beautiful Martyr's Memorial by the late Sir G.

G. Scott commemorates their martyrdom, and as we pause to admire its beauties we thankfully hope that such sacrifices may never more desolate this happy land.

For the purpose of these notes I shall refer to the various Colleges and Halls in the chronological order of their foundation; although this method would necessitate retracing one's footsteps in many instances, still it appears to be the easiest form of reference. Several of the local guide books profess to lead the wandering visitor by a laid out route, and no doubt the plan is feasible, but it does not work out right with the majority of strangers. Of course, if time is the primary object then some kind of planned out route is a prime necessity, but the beauties of this grand old city cannot be properly appreciated by an express rush round. To thoroughly enjoy the historical and picturesque bits which beckon to us at almost every step we must saunter quietly, dreamily, too, if the fit seizes one, and let memory wander back to the realms of the past when the work of our forefathers was fashioning the history of our country and these walls were raised one by one by thoughtful founders for the enlightening of posterity.

The oldest recorded foundation is Merton College, situated in Merton Street. Its birthplace was at Malden, in Surrey, where, in 1264, Walter de Merton, Chancellor of England and Bishop of Rochester, instituted a house for students. In 1274 the school was removed to Oxford and its present site. But little remains of the original building. Entering the College quadrangle by the principal gateway, over which are the figures of the founder and Henry III., together with a curious carved stone panel representing St. John the Baptist and the Saviour, we see on the right the gateway leading to the College Chapel. The Chapel choir is a magnificent specimen of the 13th century, the upper portions of the windows still retaining the original glass of that period.

On the south side of the quadrangle is the Hall, one of the oldest of the College refectories, the walls of which are decorated with portraits of Walter de Merton and other worthies. Through a low archway west of the Hall, we pass under the Treasury or Muniment-room—this is supposed to be the only existing portion of the original building, and dates from the foundation of the College. The Library, built in 1349, contains many priceless MSS., including Caxton's "Chaucer." Some of the books are still attached to the shelves by chains. The gardens and terrace walk, on a portion of the old city wall affords a charming view of various towers and Colleges.

University College stands in the High Street, and its statutes date from 1280, when it was endowed and founded by William, Archdeacon of Durham. Some authorities give the University the first place as the earliest of the Oxford Colleges, and tradition ascribes the original establishment to Alfred the Great, 872. Where historians differ we meaner mortals must choose for ourselves, but the late Professor Freeman, who was an acknowledged authority on the matter, states that it was not till the latter date that the first mention is made of the present College. If appearance goes for anything the College buildings impress one as of the greatest antiquity, but the worn and ancient look of the stone of which it is built is said to come from the soft material of which the stone consists. As it now stands the building dates from 1634. Above the western gateway are two statues, Queen Anne being on the outside and James II. on the inside, while the eastern gate is adorned with statues of Queen Mary and Dr. Radcliffe.

The next in order of date, and almost contemporary with the preceding, is Balliol College, in Broad Street, St. Giles, which was founded in 1281 by John de Balliol, father of John de Balliol, the unfortunate King of Scotland. From time to time alterations and repairs have entirely removed all remnants of the original building, the oldest portion now standing dating from 1431. This is the Library, which contains many beautifully illuminated MSS. and early editions of the Bible. The old dining-hall or refectory, built about the same time, is now used as a reading-room by the students. John Wycliffe, the Reformer, was a Fellow of

Balliol; he became a Master in 1360, and made the first translation of the Bible into English twenty years later.

With a frontage to Broad Street stands Exeter College, dating from 1314, and taking its name from Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter. The entrance gateway, however, is in Turl Street, leading into the quadrangle where the magnificent Chapel attracts the visitor's attention. This is a modern building and is considered to be the masterpiece of the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The interior, with its exquisitely sculptured columns and capitals and lofty groined roof and rich wood carvings, forms a lovely reproduction of early Gothic architecture.

The Hall (1618) faces the Chapel on the south side of the quadrangle. It contains among other portraits those of the founder and Charles I.

Oriel is the first College having a king of England for its founder. Edward II., at the suggestion of his almoner Adam de Brome, granting a large messuage for its endowment. The origin of the name is very obscure, one being that the College is built on the site of an old monastery named L'Oriele. The Hall, with its portico entrance approached by a flight of steps, is very pleasing. Over the portico are statues of the Virgin and Child and Kings Edward II. and III. The roof of the Hall is of oak and is one of the finest specimens in Oxford. Portraits of the founder, Edward II., Queen Anne, and Walter Raleigh, adorn the walls, and the College possesses two old drinking cups, one of which is said to have been presented by King Edward, the founder.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE GATEWAY



MAGDALEN TOWER ABOVE THE BRIDGE

Queen's College, named in honour of Queen Phillippa, wife of Edward III., and founded by her confessor, Robert de Eglesfield, in 1340, stands in the High Street. The ancient edifice was replaced by the present buildings in 1714, from designs by Sir Christopher Wren and his pupil Hawksmoor. The entrance from High Street is surmounted by a handsome cupola with a statue of Queen Caroline, wife of George II. The Chapel and Hall are well worthy of inspection. In the latter the Christmas Day procession is still maintained with much ceremony, the

boar's head holding its ancient place of honour. On New Year's day the Bursar presents a needle and thread to each guest with the injunction, "Take this and be thrifty." The origin of this curious gift is supposed to emanate from a rebus on the founder's name (*aiguille et fils.*)

New College is entered from Holywell Street, and its gateway is somewhat unpretending. It was founded by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, in 1379. Most of the buildings are the same as when first put up. The Chapel is especially impressive in its massive solidity, and contains several stained glass windows of beautiful design. The cloisters are very perfect, and bear many mementoes of the long dead students who one time trod their worn pavement.

The College gardens are a paradise of sylvan beauty. The most perfect remains of the old city wall run round it on the north. There are the bastions and parapets as they stood in the Civil War, ivy-covered and weather-stained, yet still firm and solid, hoary remainders of the massive wall which once encircled the city.

We now come to Lincoln College, founded by Bishop Flemyng, of Lincoln, in 1427, and reconstituted by Bishop Rotherham, his successor, fifty years later. The Chapel, which was added by another later Bishop of Lincoln, is a fine specimen of Perpendicular Gothic type. In the ante-chapel is still preserved the pulpit from which John Wesley preached. Wesley was a fellow of this College, and there is a fine picture of him in his rooms, which are still shown to visitors.

The founder of All Souls' College, in High Street, dating from 1437, was Archbishop Chichele. His life was a most romantic one, for in his youth he was a shepherd boy, and William of Wykeham, the founder of the New College, noticing his intelligence, placed him at Winchester School, whence he graduated to New College. The original foundation was for forty fellows, with two chaplains, three clerks, and three choristers, who were to offer up masses and prayers for the souls of the soldiers killed in the battle of Agincourt, the faithful departed of Oxford and the founder during life and after death. Over the entrance are statues of the founder and Henry VI.

The Chapel stands on the north side and is open free during term time, and its chief embellishment is a very beautiful reredos. This, together with the lovely wooden roof, was concealed for two centuries by lath and plaster. It was discovered during some repairs twenty years ago, and has been restored and repaired to something like its original magnificence. The College Library, erected by Colonel Codrington and known by his name, contains a very valuable collection of books and manuscripts, including Sir Christopher Wren's plans for St. Paul's Cathedral. The founder's salt cellar is still preserved in the buttery. It is of silver gilt and crystal standing a foot and a-half high.

St. Mary's Church, which adjoins, and whose lovely spire makes one of the most beautiful pictures in Oxford, was, unfortunately, under repair, and the scaffolding precluded a picture being taken.

Our dates now carry us to St. Mary Magdalen College at the foot of High Street. It was founded in 1457 by William of Waynflete and adjoins the bridge, which here spans two branches of the Cherwell, a tributary of the Thames.

Lord Macaulay, writing of this beautiful building, says: "Magdalen College is one of the most remarkable of our academical institutions. Its graceful tower catches afar off the eye of the traveller who comes by road from London. As he approaches he finds that this tower rises from an embattled pile, low and irregular yet singularly venerable, which, embowered in verdure, overhangs the sluggish waters of the Cherwell." The frontispiece to this article gives a view of Magdalen College and a couple of spans of the bridge from the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell.

The College is supposed to have been erected on the site of the ancient Hospital of St. John. The buildings of the College now form four quadrangles with an area of some twelve acres, including the beautiful grounds and gardens with the shaded

water walks. The grove at the far side of the College is tenanted with deer which browse unconcerned within a stone's throw of the busy street without the College precincts.

Entering by the porter's lodge into the old quadrangle of St. John Baptist we notice a curious old stone pulpit projecting from the wall. Here in olden days a sermon was annually given to commemorate the preaching of John the Baptist in the Wilderness, but the sermon is now given in the Chapel.

The west doorway of the Chapel is exceedingly beautiful, and in niches over it are five statues, St. John, Mary Magdalen, St. Swithin, Edward IV. and the founder, the whole forming a design of exceeding beauty. The great gate of the College to the left is usually known as the Founder's Tower. The interior is devoted to a grand state banquetting room recently restored and decorated after the mediæval style.

The Chapel close by can be seen daily, it was completed in 1480 and some of the glass in the windows are very lovely.

The old Cloisters are said to be the most perfect and beautiful in England; the view of the Founder's Tower mantled in verdure, with the Chapel and Hall, and backed by the matchless Bell Tower, forms a picture of unrivalled beauty and claims the visitor's attention.



FOUNDER'S TOWER, MAGDALEN

Passing on we traverse a dimly lighted passage and emerge on to a fine lawn, then across a small stone bridge which spans the Cherwell, we enter the water walks before mentioned. To the left across the stream is the grove, with its deer, while the water walks, to the right, follow the curving river. This beautiful avenue was the favourite walk of Addison, and his name has become so associated with it that it is now locally known by his name.

A curious but charming ceremony is annually observed at Magdalen College. Each May-day morning at five o'clock the choir, in their surplices, mount to the summit of the Tower and there sing a Latin Hymn to the Holy Trinity. Mr. Holman Hunt has transferred this subject to canvas.

The origin of this pretty custom is variously accounted for, but it is probably a remnant of those days when the coming of May-day was celebrated by morris dances and may-pole festivities. Should the visitor be in Oxford on the occasion let him not fail to rise early and make his way to Magdalen Bridge and listen to the chant which, in the peaceful quiet of the young day, floats down from the Tower above. It is an experience long to be remembered and treasured amongst the memories of this old-world city.

Among the curiosities treasured up in the Bursary are an antique carved coffer and various ancient specimens of fire-arms said to belong to the bursars of olden days, and used by them in their somewhat perilous journeys to collect the tithes and rents owing to their College. The kitchen close to the foot of the Hall stairs is

considered to be the oldest portion of the College, and in all probability was the original kitchen of the Hospital of St. John Baptist, on the site of which ancier order the College of St. Mary Magdalen now stands. But we must not linger toc long over the beauties of this matchless College, for our space here is inexorably limited, though our recollections could run on for many folios.

Our next pilgrimage is to Brasenose College in Radcliffe Square, founded in 1509 by William Smyth, Bishop of Lincoln, conjointly with Sir Richard Sutton, of Priestbury, Cheshire. The site was used for the purposes of education for some time previous to the above date of the foundation; but this has been the case of many of the Colleges. Originally there were four Halls, one of which was known



CLARENDON BUILDING, THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE AND ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM

as Little University Hall and another Brasenose Hall. This latter curious appellation, from which the College takes its name, is said by some to be derived from the supposition that the hall occupied the site of a brazen-hus or brewhouse, but others contend that the knocker on the entrance gate was a brass nose, and hence the name. The Gateway Tower is one of the handsomest in Oxford, and the great quadrangle, with the immense dome of the Radcliffe Library in the background, forms a most imposing group of architectural magnificence. The Hall, still retaining its primitive form, is entered through a low, narrow porch from the south side of the quadrangle. Over the entrance are busts of Alfred the Great and Erigena, a Scot, who is said to have lectured in Little University Hall in 882. The Library and Chapel which adjoin are supposed to be the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

HUBERT GRAYLE.

(To be completed next month.)

A Little Comedy.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

JOHN MUGGERFORD was a queer old fellow; a strange composition of shrewdness and simplicity blended with a keen knowledge of the world and its ways made him a distinct personality. When quite a youngster he had left the old country to seek his fortunes in the young Colony of Australia, which was just beginning to boom on the world as the Golden Land.

The old people he was leaving at the farmhouse in Hampshire could do little for him, as it was a struggle even then to make both ends meet, and as John was a thoughtful, pushing lad, he determined to strike out for himself rather than plod along in comparative poverty, so, with a few pounds in his pocket and a heap of advice from his father, he bid good-bye to the rose-covered thatched roofed farmstead where he had been born. The yarns he used to spin about his days at the Bendigo Gold Fields would form a three volume novel in themselves.

He never did much good on the gold fields and he soon recognised that where luck favoured one, hundreds toiled on for a bare subsistence, so when he and his partner one day struck on a rich pocket, he determined to give up mining and turn squatter.

His share of the find, with his savings, gave him nearly four hundred pounds, and with his little capital he bought a sheep run and started breeding. This was far more congenial work, and his farm training stood him in good stead. It was some years before he could put by money, as every pound was requisite to keep going, and his growing flocks necessitated his adding continually to his land.

During his struggles he had written home only at distant intervals, and the periods of his letter writing had grown gradually longer and longer. When, however, he felt he had conquered fortune, he wrote to his father of his success and invited any of his brothers who cared to come out to join him. To this letter he received no reply. He hardly expected an answer for some months, as frequently six months or more elapsed before his missives were answered. When, however, a year had slipped by he wrote again, but still no answer came, and so the years went on and his work engrossed him more and more.

So for over thirty years he kept adding to his estate, counting his fleecy flocks by the hundreds of thousands, while his balance at the bank at Melbourne grew with his prosperity. Recognising the wonderful strides the country was making he bought up round Melbourne as much land as he could spare cash for, and he was rapidly becoming a man of vast wealth.

Then that strange hunger for a sight of the old country came upon him, and although he pooh-poohed the idea that he was homesick and staved off the inevitable for some months, at last he gave in and selling off all his possessions he turned his face homewards.

As we had been his father's solicitors he came to see us when he arrived in London.

Robert Graceman and Mr. Muggerford were nearly of the same age, and Robert, when he was a lad, had spent a week or two several times at farmer Muggerford's farm, where he and John had become friends.

Adversity had overtaken the old folk at the farm, and both the farmer and his wife, John's mother and father, were long since dead. The farm had been mortgaged pretty deeply before John went away, and after struggling on for three or four years longer the old farmer had been forced to give up the fight, and the old homestead was sold and he went into the north as bailiff on another estate.

While Graceman was relating the above to John Muggerford the latter sat thoughtfully gazing out of the window at the dingy red brick walls on the opposite side of the way.

"I'd better have stayed in Australia," he replied sadly; "except yourself it seems there's none left to welcome me home."

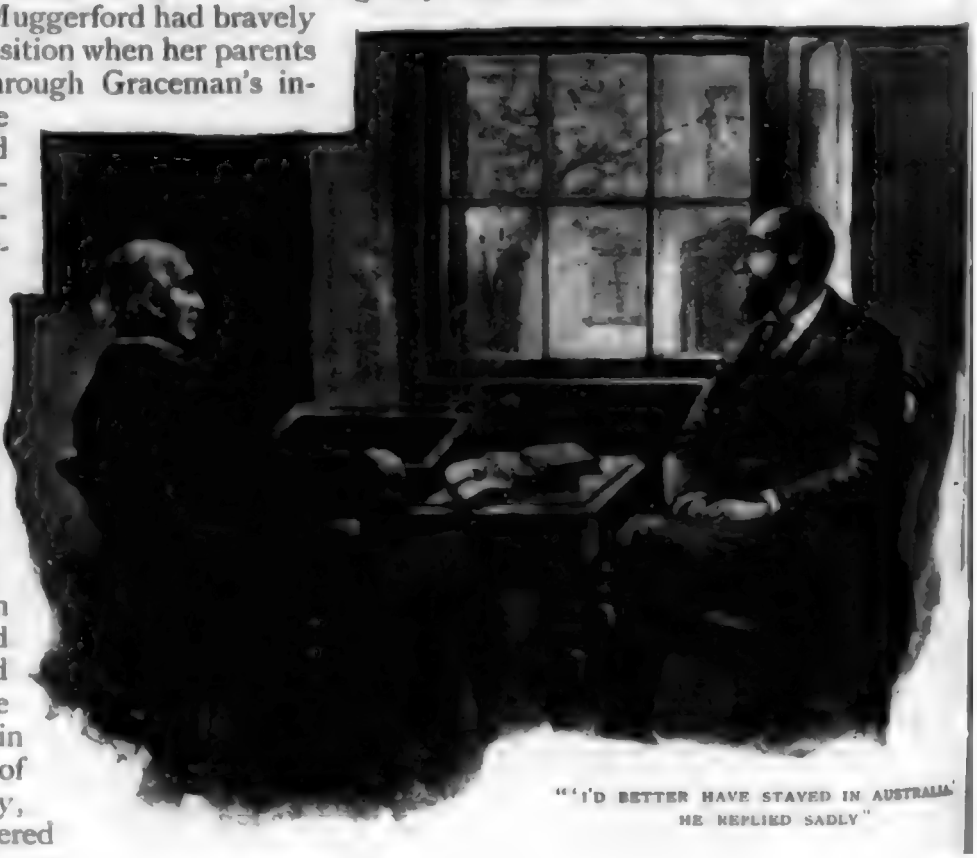
"Oh, no," answered Graceman, "it's not so bad as that. There are several nephews and nieces in the land of the living—at least there were a year or two ago. Your brother Reuben married shortly after you went away; he died ten years ago, but there were several children. Little Paul as you used to call him, your youngest brother, also married, and although both he and his wife are gone they had one child, a girl, and a sweet girl she is—Laura and I are great friends."

"Why haven't they written to me, Graceman? They must have known they had an uncle, surely."

And then the two old friends drifted into bygone times and reminiscences and so I left them.

When I next saw Graceman, he told me that John Muggerford wished to buy back his father's farm, which he intended to repair and renovate and make his home. He had an immense fortune, for his land speculations in Melbourne had borne a rich harvest, and altogether he was worth over four hundred thousand pounds. We had little difficulty in purchasing High Elm Farm, as John Muggerford's old home was called, and for some few weeks I saw little of our client, who was busy carrying out the alterations which he had determined on. While this was going on Mr. Muggerford had written his niece Laura, inviting her to come and keep house for him, and she had gladly consented.

Laura Muggerford had bravely faced her position when her parents died, and through Graceman's influence she had secured a fairly comfortable position as governess in a nice family. Now, however, as mistress of her uncle's house, her position was greatly improved, and when John Muggerford next called at our office he was loud in his praises of his pretty, sweet-tempered



"'I'D BETTER HAVE STAYED IN AUSTRALIA,' HE REPLIED SADLY"

niece, who had evidently quite secured herself in her uncle's warm heart. This brings us to one of John Muggerford's peculiarities, and the cause of the incident which leads to this narrative being chronicled.

John, who had never yet made a will in his life, now instructed us to draw up his dispositions of his wealth.

We had been trying to trace out the whereabouts of the children of John's eldest brother, Reuben, but so far unsuccessfully; all we could glean was that there were three children born of the marriage, all sons, but whither they had flown, so far, had not been ascertained.

However, our client's wishes were to the effect that each of these, together with Laura, were to receive fifty thousand pounds at his death, the remainder of his wealth to go unconditionally to Laura, and thus the will was executed and signed, Robert Graceman being named as the sole trustee.

Some months elapsed before we heard anything of the three nephews; then we received a letter, signed Arthur Muggerford, who answered one of our advertisements from New York. This turned out to be the eldest of the three brothers and from him we gained the addresses of his two other brothers, Herbert and Mark. The two elder were in business, doing fairly well, while Mark, the youngest, was mate on a P. & O. steamship. When his vessel returned to England on his next voyage, Mark paid a visit to his uncle at High Elm, and Mr. Muggerford was so pleased with his nephew that his visit ran on into months and resulted in his uncle making him a yearly allowance of five hundred pounds in compensation for his giving up his career.

Then we had another business visit from our client, and I was instructed to draw out a new will wherein the remainder of his riches were to be divided equally between Laura and Mark, provided they married each other before, or within a year of his death; but should they not marry then this immense sum was to go to various charities.

My partner, Graceman, tried to dissuade him from this clause, which might be considered as a threat, or at any rate a curb on their free actions; but he waved aside the interruption saying that they were in love with each other already and that no possible harm could come of it.

It was some time after this second will had been signed and witnessed before I again saw Mr. Muggerford.

It was nearly noon one day when the clerk announced his arrival and without waiting to be shown into my sanctum John Muggerford followed the clerk, saying: "You'll excuse my breach of etiquette, Mr. Halton, but I am sorely distressed."

As I rose and shook hands with him I nodded to the clerk to leave us and drawing up a chair asked him what was the matter. He was bathed in perspiration from the hurriedness of his walk and for a few moments remained speechless, mopping his brow and face.

Presently he began. "You remember that confounded will of mine, the last one you know, about Laura and Mark marrying?"

I nodded in assent.

"Well, I was mistaken; they don't care for each other as I thought and I've made a mess of it."

As he finished speaking Graceman came in.

"What's that you've made a mess of?" asked Robert, as they clasped hands.

"Why that infernal will of mine. Read that!" and so saying John Muggerford drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to my partner.

Graceman unfolded it and read aloud as follows:—

"'DEAR UNCLE,—I spoke perhaps last night more unkindly than I should have done had I been calmer. I feel, nay, I know, that you acted as you thought for the best in what you have done. For that I shall always thank you, for it was like your own generous self. But I cannot sell my love even to please you. My cousin

Mark does not care for me in the way you suppose, and I refuse to have myself thrust on him for all the money in the world. I should die from very shame of it. How could you, oh, how could you be so cruel as to think I could do such a thing? I have not slept all night, and now I have made up my mind to go away in the morning. I will let you know by-and-bye where I am. Thank you again for all your kindness—Your loving niece, LAURA.'"

"What's it all about?" said Robert, when he had finished.

"I'll tell you if you'll sit down;" then John Muggerford began his story.

"We had finished dinner, Laura and I, and we were in my den. Mark had driven over to Hamptown on business connected with the farm, and we were momentarily expecting him back. We had just been talking about him, and I remarked to Laura what a good fellow I thought him. 'Don't you like him very much?' I asked her.



"SHE ANSWERED 'YES,' IN A HESITATING SORT OF WAY"

"She answered 'Yes,' in a hesitating sort of way.

"So I remarked that she expressed herself rather doubtfully, adding 'I thought you two were great friends.' She did not reply to this, so I thought I would pump her a bit, and I went on to tell her about the will and my hopes that they would marry each other. At first she flushed up; then, as I continued, she turned as pale as death and burst into a torrent of reproach. 'How dare I try to force Mark to marry her for my money,' and so on until a flood of tears stopped her speech. I soothed her and explained I meant it only for their happiness and at last I persuaded her to go to bed."

"Did you inform Mark of the contents of your will?" asked Graceman, as John Muggerford came to a stop.

"I had not done so," the latter replied, "but this morning, when I received Laura's letter, I told him all that had happened."

"What did he say to it?"

Well, to be frank, I was rather surprised at him. He rounded on me much as Laura had done, just as though I had done him the greatest injustice in the world instead of trying to make them happy in the future. He confessed that he loved Laura, but that, of course, he should go away at once so that she could come back to me.

"You have made a mess of it, old friend," said Graceman, with a little smile. "And now what do you propose to do?"

"Do! why that's what I've come here for. I intend to do nothing. It seems to me I've done too much. You can do all the doing in future. I declined to take your advice about that confounded will. Now, I'll follow your instructions and see what comes of it."

"Have you any idea where Laura's gone?" asked Graceman.

"Devil a bit. She started off this morning before anyone was about, for no one saw her leave, and I found that letter on the table in my den when I came down."

"The first thing, then, is to find her and get her back," remarked Graceman, "and I think the wisest plan will be to start at the beginning; so if you are willing we will get back to High Elm by the next train."

"I'm ready at your disposal," said Mr. Muggerford, jumping up. "You're a brick, Robert, to give me your help so willingly. Come on; if we bustle we can catch the one o'clock from Waterloo."

I received a short note from Graceman announcing his arrival, and stating that it would probably be some days before he straightened things out. On the third morning after their departure one of the clerks brought in a morning paper, and pointing to a paragraph asked me if I had read the account of the accident.

"What accident?" I exclaimed, taking the paper up.

"To Mr. Mark Muggerford," he replied.

I rapidly glanced at the paragraph, where I read as follows:—

"SERIOUS DRIVING ACCIDENT.—A painful accident occurred yesterday to Mr. Mark Muggerford, nephew of Mr. John Muggerford of High Elm, near Hamptown. He was driving a spirited young horse down the steep hill approaching his residence when the horse shied, and after bolting some distance fell and threw the unfortunate man heavily out of the trap. Fortunately help was close at hand, and he was carried promptly to his home, where he now lies still unconscious."

"Give me a telegram form," I exclaimed, and I dispatched a message of sympathy to his uncle, asking for the latest news of poor Mark. In due time I received a reply stating that the accident was not so serious as reported at first, and that Mark was not in danger.

Graceman did not return until the end of the week; it was late on Saturday night when he came in.

"How's Mark?" was the first question I put to him as he entered the room.

"All right," he answered. "At least, as right as a young man who's just engaged can reasonably be expected to be."

"Mark engaged," I exclaimed in astonishment, "I thought his uncle said he was in love with Laura."

"So he is; Laura's his *fiancée*."

"Has she returned then? Come, Graceman, relieve my wonderment, what does it all mean?"

"What an excitable chap you're getting Halton, you should cultivate some of the stoicism of the Indian brave. There's a vast amount of hidden expression in his 'Ugh.' Now you never," went on Graceman, "catch him giving himself away. If he understands he says 'Ugh,' if he doesn't understand he likewise ejaculates 'Ugh,' and so——"

"Bother your Indian and his 'Ughs,'" I broke in, "tell me what you've done at High Elm first, then you can maunder about your rubbishy redskins as much as you like."

"There's gratitude," said Graceman, raising his hands in simulated disgust. "Well I suppose I must obey your behests, but I think I could enlighten your benighted intellect if you would only be a little more patient, there's a fine example to be learnt from the Red man you so disrespectfully refer to."

As he finished speaking Graceman looked up at me with a smile that was childlike and bland, which by degrees expanded and presently covered his jolly face from ear to ear.

It was no use urging him on to tell his story, so I waited patiently, simply giving vent to an "Ugh."

"That's right," he said; "you're getting on."

"I wish to goodness you'd do the same then," I answered.

Then he settled himself back in his chair and became a rational being once more.

"Business first," he began. "John Muggerford desired me to ask you to draw out a fresh will. The old one to stand intact save that the residue of his property is to be divided between Laura and Mark unconditionally."

"Very good, I'll see to it. Now then, go on."

"When we arrived at High Elm," Graceman continued. "I made a few enquiries to ascertain how Miss Laura had gone off, but without result. No one had seen or met her as far as we could ascertain, so we drove over to Hamptown to see if there was any trace of her at the railway station, but as luck would have it, it was market day, and although it must have been quite early if she had gone away by train, yet there were so many early birds about that the station officials had not noticed her. The only wearing apparel Laura had taken with her was contained in a small hand-bag, but small though it was, it would be a heavy load for her to carry all the four miles to Hamptown. The question was whether it was worth while trying to find the person who had helped her. This, however, if we were successful would probably only lead us to the station, where I had already failed to trace her. So I gave that idea up, and we returned to the farm. Here I found Mark disconsolately pacing the drive in the front of the house. He turned eagerly towards us as we approached.

"'Any news?' he exclaimed.

"'Not yet, Mark,' I answered, putting my arm through his, and then we walked up and down whilst we had a confidential chat together. He's a good, honest fellow, and we soon understood each other. He felt his cousin's departure very keenly, for there's no doubt he is much attached to her. What cut him up so was the thought that she should have bolted off in such haste when her uncle suggested her marrying him.

"'Of course, I'm not good enough for her,' he remarked, 'but I didn't dream she disliked me like that.'

"'I was beginning to fancy she rather liked me a little, don't you know,' he went on, 'but that's all over now.'"

"It certainly appeared so," I observed.

"Do you think so, Halton. Just consider. Her uncle told her he hoped that they would marry. Don't you think if she didn't care for him she would most probably have let the matter pass? Whereas if she loved him and he had not confessed his love for her she would fly from him rather than let her unasked affection show itself. That was my interpretation of her letter to her uncle and as it afterwards proved I was right. I half hinted my suspicions to Mark, but he was too modest to accept my inferences. The rest of that day I spent overhauling the things in Laura's room in the hope that I might drop on some clue to where she had gone, but there was nothing to help me there.

"We were not a particularly lively party at dinner that night. John Muggerford was irritable and kept on anathematising himself for his stupidity, while Mark sat glum and silent scarcely touching the food placed before him. Under the plea of fatigue I got away early to my room and there turned the matter over step by step in my mind. The only address I could think of where Laura might possibly be found was Mrs. Huntingdon, where she was governess before her uncle came home. I made a note to wire her in the morning but I didn't feel very sanguine of hearing anything of her there yet awhile. The more I twisted and turned the knotty point about the further convinced I became that Laura was in love with her cousin. If my conjectures were correct I had a strong lead to work on, and after some consideration I matured a plan to test the soundness of my diagnosis. Next morning I got Mark by himself and unfolded my scheme to him. At first he pooh-poohed the idea altogether, saying I was absolutely mistaken, and that he felt Laura was quite indifferent towards him, even if she did not utterly dislike him. After

some time, however, I persuaded him to help me in my scheme, and at last he consented.

"We did not enlighten John Muggerford as to our plans, as I desired him to play his part untrammelled by any connivance with our little plot. As soon as we had arranged our programme and the details of our parts we returned to John's den and Mark asked his uncle if he might have the dog-cart out, as he wished to drive over to Hamptown.

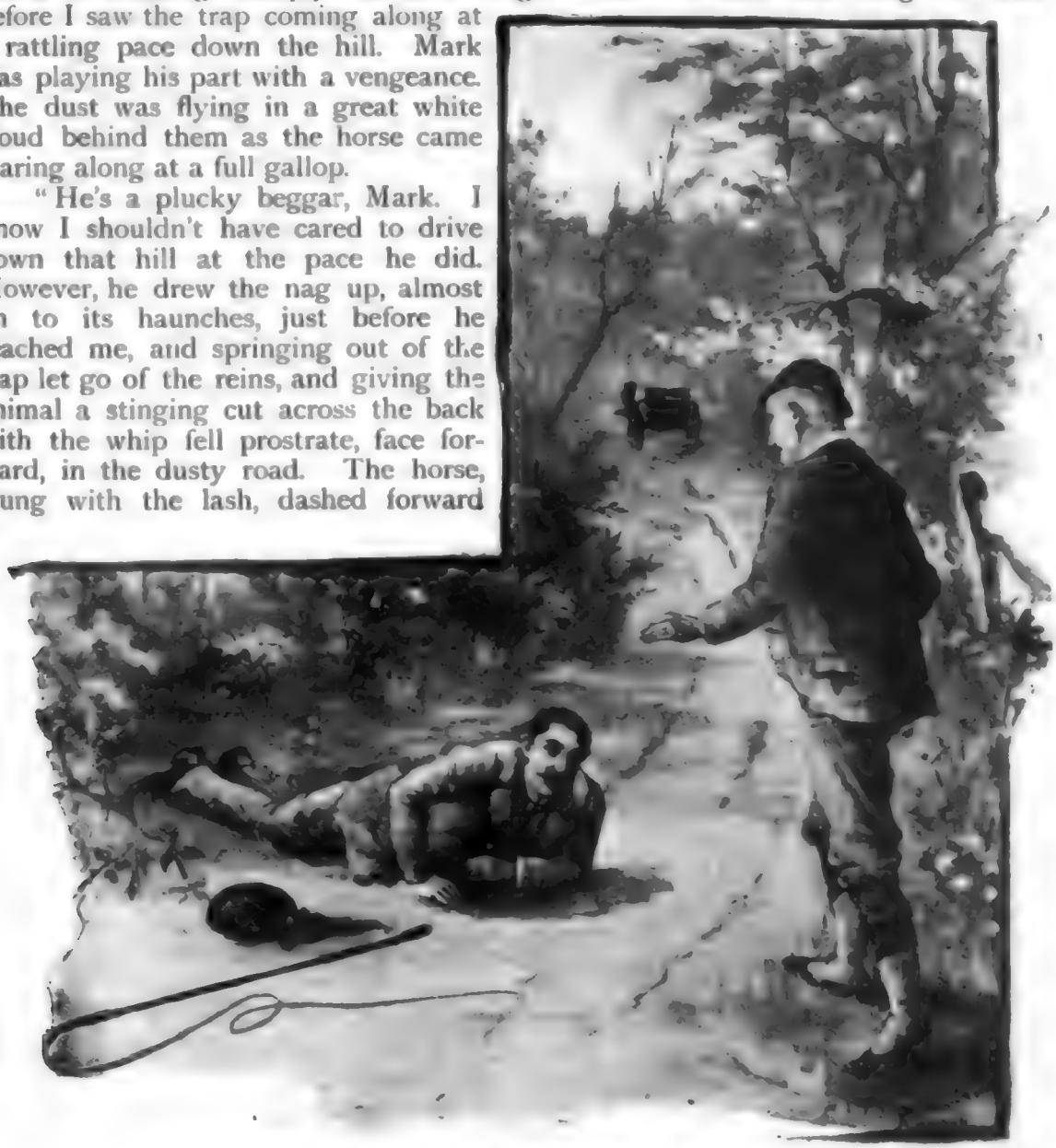
"'Certainly, my boy,' he answered; 'no necessity to ask me such a question.'

"Half-an-hour or so after we had seen Mark drive off I told John I was going for a stroll by myself to do a quiet think.

"'All right, Robert,' he replied, looking up from his paper, 'but I'm afraid it's no good.'

"I walked slowly through the garden and took the footpath over the meadow, and so into the Hamptown road, where I perched myself on the stile to wait for Mark and the dog-cart. The road is pretty steep just there, descending sharply towards High Elm. I had not long to wait before I saw the trap coming along at a rattling pace down the hill. Mark was playing his part with a vengeance. The dust was flying in a great white cloud behind them as the horse came tearing along at a full gallop.

"He's a plucky beggar, Mark. I know I shouldn't have cared to drive down that hill at the pace he did. However, he drew the nag up, almost on to its haunches, just before he reached me, and springing out of the trap let go of the reins, and giving the animal a stinging cut across the back with the whip fell prostrate, face forward, in the dusty road. The horse, stung with the lash, dashed forward



"'HOW DID I MANAGE IT?' HE SAID SOFTLY

again, and passed me at full speed, the sweat streaking its coat, showing plainly the pace it had come.

"I ran forward to where Mark lay. He was covered from head to foot in the dust and dirt of the road. His hat lay bashed in a few yards away with the whip close beside it.

"'How did I manage it?' he said softly, as I got up to him.

"'Splendidly,' I exclaimed. 'I feared you would have a real spill at the pace you were coming. Now let me lift you over into the grass here,' I continued, 'and then I'll run and get assistance.'

"As I raised his body up to carry him to the side of the roadway, I noticed both his hands were cut and bleeding.

"'How did you hurt your hands like that?' I questioned.

"'Oh I thought I might as well do the job scientifically,' he answered with a slight smile, 'so I put them out as I fell and grazed them a bit.'"

"Well I'm hanged if I see what your game was, Graceman," I broke in; "how could Mark's pretended trap accident bring Laura back?"

"Patience, Halton my boy, and you'll soon see the curtain ring down on our little comedy. I left Mark then and ran off down the road until presently I espied a couple of labourers hoeing in a neighbouring field. I shouted to them, and we three went back and carried Mark between us towards the farm. We had not gone far when John Muggerford and several of the farm hands came rapidly out of the entrance gate, and as soon as he saw us they ran up.

"'Is he dead, Graceman?' said John, brokenly.

"'No, old fellow,' I replied; 'he's all right, at least he will be presently. It's only a shake up he's had, there are no bones broken.'

"'Thank God for that,' he answered, removing his hat reverently. 'I feared for him when I saw the horse and trap come tearing up the drive.'

"These kindly, simple words made me feel rather like a traitor to John's peace of mind, and Mark told me afterwards he was nearly wrought to spring up and confess it was all a sham. However, we each wore the cloaks of our parts to the end, and when we got into the house I administered a dose of brandy and water to Mark, who thereupon opened his eyes and spoke a few words to his uncle.

"Mark had played his part well, and the time was now arrived for me to take up my cue. So after lunch I walked over to Hamptown and interviewed the editor of the local paper, *The Southshire Gazette and Hamptown Chronicle*, to whom I gave a graphic description of the accident, which he promised to notice in his next issue. This was Thursday, and the paper is published every Friday, so that I was just in time. Then I wrote to our friend Sammy Smart, of the London and Provincial Press Agency, in Fleet Street, and asked him as a special favour to get a short account of the affair in all the London and country papers that he could manage."

"Oh," I exclaimed, as Graceman stopped in his narrative to mix himself a whisky and soda, "I begin to see now what you were after. It was a clever move."

"Thanks, Halton," replied Graceman with mock politeness, bowing towards me as he sipped his tipple.

"You are pleased to remark favourably on my little scheme, well it worked out admirably. Sammy got the report into a large number of Friday morning's papers and all I had to do then was to await results. We had finished breakfast next morning, John and I, and were sitting on the lawn enjoying a smoke when I saw the result coming up the drive in the form of a telegram boy.

"'For me, my lad?' said John Muggerford, as the messenger proffered him the buff-coloured envelope; 'wonder who it's from?' he muttered as he tore it open. 'God bless my soul,' he exclaimed, as the first words caught his eye, then he handed it to me.

"The wire was from Laura asking if the report in the paper was true and saying she would come back and help her uncle nurse Mark if he was hurt.



"'SHE PUT HER HAND OVER MY LIPS

"'Send her a wire and tell her to come at once,' I suggested, and while John went indoors to write out the message for the boy to send off, I crept up to Mark, who was lying on a sofa in his room to assure him of the successful issue of our little plot.

"He flushed up with delight at my words, then he said sorrowfully:—

"'I shall have to leave here in a day or two, for I can't keep this shamming up for long when Laura gets back and if I don't go she will.'

"'Fiddlesticks, Mark! I tell you, my boy, she likes you, give the girl a chance, tell her you love her and ask her to be your wife. It will be time enough to talk of going if she refuses you. And don't dilly-dally about it either,' I continued, 'take the first opportunity that offers, and, whatever you do, keep our little comedy dark, at any rate until you know your fate,' and wishing him luck in his wooing I left him to cool down.

"Early in the afternoon we received another telegram to say she would arrive by the five-thirty at Hamptown and, as John Muggerford still believed the whole business a pure accident, I let him drive to the station to meet his niece by himself, as he would have nothing on his conscience to conceal. I kept him up to the mark with a parting remark, as he drove off, that Mark seemed to me more feverish. This was perfectly true, for Mark could hardly restrain his anxiousness as the time approached for his cousin's arrival.

"It was a strange contrast, the coolness and pluck of that breakneck drive and the feverish restlessness with which he awaited the interview with this young girl.

"Directly I saw Laura I knew all would be well; she had evidently magnified

the seriousness of her cousin's hurt by the affection she bore him, and her eyes were heavy with anxiety and dread.

"'How is he, Mr. Graceman?' were the first words she greeted me with.

"'He is doing very nicely. When I told him you were coming to nurse him he brightened up; at least, it appeared so to me.'

"A little flush sprang up on her cheeks as I said this, and she gave me a half frightened, half glad look that made me rather envy young Mark.

"'I hardly knew how to remain quiet until I received uncle's telegram. I was staying at my old schoolmistress's house at Basingstoke, when she read it out in the paper.'

"'Shall we go up to see him?' I suggested, when she had removed her hat and things, and so we all three went upstairs to where Mark lay.

"'How are you feeling, Mark?' asked his uncle as we entered. 'Here's Laura come to nurse you.'

"Poor Mark certainly looked flushed and feverish. I touched John on the shoulder, remarking that we turned the patient over now to nurse Laura's care, and John and I left the room, closing the door behind us.

"We two old fogies trudged up and down the lawn till dinner time, and then we went in and sat down.

"'Tell Miss Laura dinner's ready,' he began, to the servant.

"'Better leave them alone,' I remarked.

"'Eh!' said John, looking at me. 'Never mind then, Mary.'

"But we hadn't long to wait before Laura joined us. She was a different girl to what she was when she arrived. Her face was wreathed in rosy smiles, and her eyes were bright with joy. Her uncle looked at her in amazement, lost for words.

"As soon as the door closed on the servant Laura jumped up, and going round to her uncle threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"'Oh, I'm so happy uncle darling!' she exclaimed. 'Mr. Graceman will excuse me I know,' she remarked, glancing at me as she kissed him again.

"'I think you ought to serve us all alike, Laura,' I suggested. 'I don't think uncle John and Mark should have all the——'

"Before I could finish she had put her hand over my lips and kissed me on the cheek.

"'Hush!' she whispered, 'how did you know?'

"'Perhaps, Laura my dear, you feel equal now to enlightening us as to the reason of this happy condition in which you find yourself,' said John Muggerford as she returned to her seat.

"'Well, uncle dear,' she replied, blushing prettily, 'Mark has asked me to be his wife and I've said yes.'"

"Where Merchants most do Congregate."

[*The Merchant of Venice.*

"THE BALTIC."

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

LIKE Lloyd's "The Baltic" owes its origin and name to a coffee-house of the time when coffee-houses were the principal meeting-places of Londoners for both social and business purposes. This coffee-house was situated in Threadneedle Street, near the Stock Exchange, on a site now occupied by one of the busiest offices of her Majesty's mails. Early in the 17th century it was the rendezvous of Russian residents in London who traded with the ports on the Baltic Sea and after a time it was also frequented by that enterprising and flourishing body of men, the Greek merchants. Then, gradually, its fame spread until London merchants generally, without regard to nationality, found that "The Baltic" was an agreeable and useful house of call.

More than once, it may be supposed, the old coffee-house was altered and enlarged in order that it might be adapted to the growing volume of business which flowed through its doors. But at last the time came when further enlargement was impossible and about forty years ago, the over-crowding of "The Baltic" suggested to its frequenters the advisability of transferring themselves to much more commodious quarters. One or two of the more daring spirits among them fixed on the South Sea House as their new habitation. This historic building had been in the occupation of the North British Bank, which had recently come to grief. But the leading men in "The Baltic" were not to be daunted by a superstitious dislike for a building so ominously associated with commercial disaster, and in 1857 they witnessed the fulfilment of their desires.

South Sea House has been graphically described by Charles Lamb in one of his essays as it was early in the century—tenantless and deserted. "In thy passage from the Bank," wrote Elia, "where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the Flower Pot to secure a place for Dalston or Shacklewell or some other suburban retreat northerly—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left—where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I daresay thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's." And Charles Lamb went on to write of "stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices, roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks," and to reflect in characteristically pathetic fashion upon the sadness of this scene of desolation in "the very heart of stirring and living commerce—amid the heat and fever of speculation—with the Bank and the 'Change and the India House about them, in the hey-day of present prosperity." At that time the House must surely have reminded people again and again of that extraordinary story of credulity and fraud, of extravagant hope and dire despair, of fortunes hurriedly made and lost

which is known to history as the South Sea Bubble, the solid, substantial masonry of the building forming an ironical contrast with the evanescent schemes of which it was the home.

Very different is the scene which South Sea House presents to-day. Through the two doorways, one at either end of the building, which have taken the place of the fine Doric entrance in the centre, there is for a considerable part of the day an unfailing stream of people passing in and coming out — members, or callers upon members. Of the two doors, that nearest to Bishopsgate is reserved for the exclusive use of members, whilst at the other the caller finds excellent facilities for being brought into contact with the member whom he may desire to see. In the large vestibule a uniformed attendant sits in a sentry-box, and repeats the name given to him in a loud voice of peculiar cadence. He is passing it on through an aperture at his side to another official, whose duty it is to shout it through an enormous trumpet from which the words emerge with a vigour that carries them to the farthest recesses of the large hall in which the members of "The Baltic" do business. From 11 to 1 in the morning, and for an hour or more in the afternoon, there is generally a crowd of callers in the vestibule, and there is an almost ceaseless recital of names. In response to their names some members appear through the swing doors in a moment or two, others have to be called twice or thrice before the summoning voice reaches them, and in some cases of course, the "call" is in vain. By the side of the vestibule is a small room, provided with a few seats, and ink, pens, and paper, where members can receive their visitors if they do not care to go through the formality of introducing them to the Exchange by entering their names in the visitors' book. On a busy day a quarter of an hour on the threshold of "The Baltic" gives one a very lively idea both of its commercial importance and of the great volume of business which is transacted from hour to hour in the eastern part of the City.



MR. WM. ROSS MAJOR BRIDGES WEBB



MR. ALBERT KAHL MR. VAGLIANO

On the other hand, if you pass through the swing doors in company with

the friend you have come to see and mingle with the members awhile, you are surprised by the comparative quietude of the scene. There are probably two or three hundred men present—grain and timber merchants, dealers in oil, seed, tallow and hides, ship-owners and brokers, and, perhaps, half-a-dozen stock-jobbers. Some are reading the papers in a large alcove dedicated to such a purpose, others are scanning telegrams on the walls giving the latest news from important markets as well as shipping intelligence, and a few are sitting in idleness in the mahogany pews which are distinctly reminiscent of the coffee-house origin of the institution. But the great majority of members are actually engaged in the transaction of business, buying or selling in their various "lines," discussing freights and arranging charter-parties. But there is only a slight buzz of talk—no such clamorous noise as prevails during busy hours in most of the important centres of commerce. For one thing, speculation never runs high at "The Baltic," and even periods of excitement



MR. CHARLES F. MACK MR. GEORGE RUMORFOPOULOS THE LATE MR. HANIS JACKSON MR. F. MENDL

are now exceedingly rare. At one time it used to be the scene of some wild gambling in tallow. This was when Russia had almost a monopoly in this article; with the development of new sources of supply the conditions of the trade in tallow have greatly changed, and it is not now the important commodity in the trade of "The Baltic" which it once was. In other produce dealt in these "corners" and "rings" are never attempted, and the wheat trade is responsible for the only deviation from the even tenour of every-day business which occurs at "The Baltic." At "The Baltic" is bought the greater portion of the foreign corn which, in their turn, the merchants sell to the miller at the Corn Exchange. At the time it is sold here it is, of course, by no means necessary that the corn should have been harvested in America or Russia, or even that it should have been grown—there are from time to time large purchases of wheat for future delivery, and these dealings in "futures" must obviously be of a speculative character. Cargoes of wheat carried under sail from the most distant parts of America are sometimes four or five months on the



MR. STEPHEN RALLI



MR. SETH TAYLOR



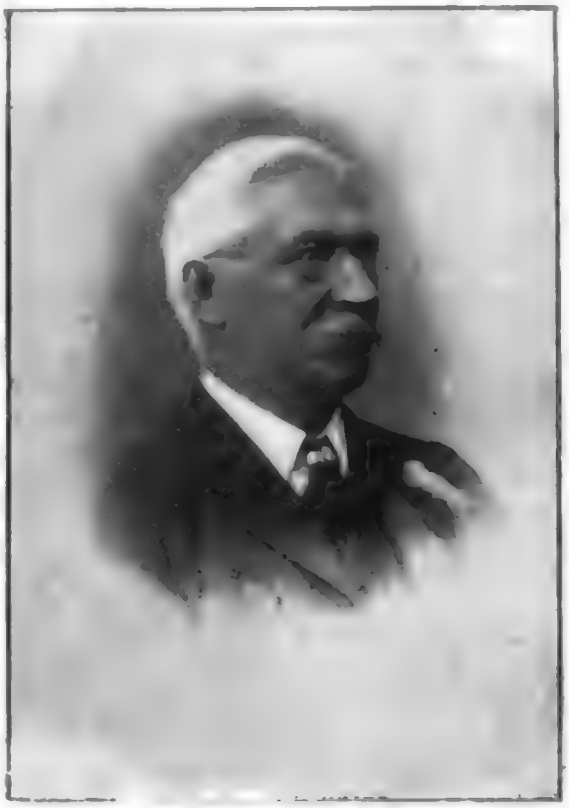
MR. SAMUEL WOODS

way, and from the time of the ship's sailing till her arrival in port the wheat may change owners several times. The concentration at "The Baltic," of what may be termed the wholesale trade in wheat dates, of course, from the time when Russia sent us most of our foreign corn, and has not been affected by the fact that the quantity brought from "The Baltic" ports is now not 20 per cent. of the whole. The difference in the character of the business in corn transacted in Mark Lane and in Threadneedle Street, is best illustrated by the fact that whereas at the Corn Exchange everything is sold from sample, at "The Baltic" no samples of any kind are allowed to be shown. As a rule, the merchant is fully acquainted with the crop in which he is dealing, and it is only in exceptional cases that he proceeds to the offices of the consignor in order to see a sample. This is the case, I believe with all the other commodities to which I have referred as forming the staple trade carried on at "The Baltic."

Until a year or so ago a large sale-room adjoined the hall of "The Baltic," and here large quantities of timber, tallow, leather, etc, used to be sold by auction under the management of the Committee. But the greatly increased membership of the institution rendered very necessary additional accommodation for every-day purposes, and the Committee were urged to abolish the sale-room in order to provide this. The Committee were at length induced to accede to the request, both by the importunity of members, and by the fact that the amount of produce offered for sale in the room was falling off. So the sale-room was converted into a comfortable buffet and dining-room, and in the process of this conversion more space was added to the hall for the transaction of business. There is still a smaller room in the upper part of South Sea House available for auction sales, but this is let by the limited company owning the building in the ordinary course of business, and with these the Committee of "The Baltic" have nothing to do. In going to see this room I ascend the "imposing staircase," and pass offices "roomy as the state apartments in palaces" to which the gentle essayist refers. But it is needless to say that there is now about them, as about the building generally, the life and bustle

of prosperous commerce. The sale-room itself, is, for the time being, as deserted as when Charles Lamb visited South Sea House, and with its old wooden desks and little mahogany rostrum may be just the same as it was seen by him; but on the sale days it is the scene of great activity. On the broad, handsome wooden staircases and in the palatial offices the electric light is the only innovation which the modern prosperity of "South Sea House" has introduced. In its subterranean regions, on the other hand, I find on descending to them that a complete revolution has been effected by the Committee of "The Baltic." The old cellars, dank and musty, have been converted into lavatories and cloak-rooms, a spacious kitchen, and a splendid strong-room for the safe keeping of valuable papers.

"The Baltic," as I have said, is the property of a limited company which is in the seventh heaven of prosperity, its original £100 shares being now worth £700, and receiving dividends at the rate of 30%. The annual subscription is now 10 guineas for principals and 7 guineas for their clerks, with entrance fees of 20 guineas and 10 guineas respectively. A firm is allowed to have an unlimited number of its clerks belonging to "The Baltic" and accordingly the clerks form the great majority of the members. At general meetings principals used sometimes to see themselves outvoted by the clerks whose subscriptions they had paid, but with a view to the removal of this hardship to their feelings, provision has been made for the curtailment of the powers of all clerks who may be elected in the future. Every year the members are called upon to use their votes in the election of a Committee to conduct their affairs as a body, and act for them in their relations with the company owning the building. Of this Committee Mr. Septimus J. Glover, of the well-known shipping firm, is now Chairman, among the other fourteen members being Messrs. Henry W. Barnett, George Eumorfopoulos, Ferdinand Mendl, and Charles W. Howard. Upon the Secretary, Mr. Frederick Curtis, falls the management of the institution day by day, subject, of course, to the general supervision of the Committee.



MR. SEPTIMUS J. GLOVER
CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE

At their periodical meetings the members of "The Baltic" have occasionally had their battles of speech. There was some heat thrown into the discussion, for instance, when the status of the clerks was the question of the day. The alterations in the building, to which I have referred, were brought about after a severe contest between a large section of members, headed by Mr. Marmaduke Lawther, and the Committee, who had to be convinced of the urgent necessity of increased accommodation. But these little episodes arise and pass away, leaving no wound upon the mutual goodwill and cordial feeling which prevail generally among the members of "The Baltic," irrespective of the "lines" in which they respectively do business, whether it be cargoes or cereals, tallow or petroleum.

In watching the progress of business at "The Baltic" for a few minutes, I could

not fail to be impressed by the apparent geniality with which bargains were being driven, and important undertakings entered into, and there can be no doubt that the wheels of commerce there are greatly accelerated by the confidence which, as a rule, members feel in each other's justice and probity. This spirit of good fellowship led, in 1885, to the formation of a society called "The Cereals," with the object of maintaining a fund out of which any distressed members might obtain immediate temporary help without publicity. Although only 300 members of "The Baltic" have thought it advisable to establish a claim upon the fund by becoming annual subscribers, a reserve fund of £1,000 has been accumulated, and the yearly income is ordinarily quite sufficient for the purpose. "The Cereals" have profited much by musical and dramatic entertainments, which have become a great attraction to members of "The Baltic" with their wives, sisters, cousins, and aunts, and at the same time brought to light the talents of a few among their number. Mr. Alfred W. Brandon is President, Mr. William P. Wood Vice-President, and Mr. Lewis H. Wood Secretary of "The Cereals." The success of the actors and musicians probably excited the emulation of the athletes of "The Baltic," and more particularly the rowing men. At any rate, in 1893, Mr. W. E. Clare, and other oarsmen of renown, got a crew of "Baltic" men together and challenged to a race the eight best rowing men in the Shipping Exchange. The challenge was accepted and the race took place in the presence of a great number of the partisans of both crews, the result being an easy victory for "The Baltic" champions. This victory was avenged the following year, however, as I have already mentioned in my article on the Shipping Exchange and, as deciding the rubber, the keenest interest is felt in this year's trial of strength.



MR. MICULINO MAVROGORDATO

MR EDWARD MAJOLIER, JUN.

*** *We are requested to state that copies of the cartoons, drawn by Mr. Frederick Kahl and reproduced in these pages, can be obtained on application to him at "The Baltic."*

In the Golden Days.

LEAVES FROM THE BUSH.

By EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.

Author of "An Apostle of Freedom," &c.

NOTHING has ever graven such deep scars in men's hearts, or so seared and shrivelled their consciences, as did the Gold-Hunger, that *auri sacri fames*, and though its symptoms are, perhaps, not so acute as they were in the old days, they can still be traced even now, when the Australian Colonies have almost attained to the dignity of a history, and when society out there is modelled on much the same lines as it is here in the Mother Country.

I had often wondered whether my host Beresford had been caught by the fever from which so many of his fellow colonists had suffered, and I was somewhat inclined to look upon the splendid gold-veined specimen of quartz that lay under a glass case in his pleasant smoking-room at Bothwell as proof that he had. I was examining this specimen one day, and the longing that held me to dash it upon the hearthstone and see where all the yellow surface veins went to, must have shown itself plainly on my face, for Beresford quietly took it from me, and replaced it under its covering.

"You would like to break it," he said, "but if you knew how well it did its duty once, and what was broken upon it you would handle it as tenderly as I do."

Here was a story, a leaf to be registered, and I lost no time in asking for it.

"Come into the garden," said Beresford. "It's too hot here in the house. Bring your pipe and if Mrs. Beresford will send out a couple of bottles of mead, we can settle ourselves comfortably under the pear tree."

I lay back at my ease on the soft grass, with the rays of the summer sun—for we had long left winter behind us—glinting here and there through the leaves, and falling on the little table that stood between us, to make the foaming honey-beer glow and sparkle in the long glasses. And this was the story I heard:—

"If you had been out here," Beresford began—"and you may thank your stars that you were not—when the gold-fever was on, you would probably have caught it as most of us did. Old and young, rich and poor, sinner and saint, threw to the dogs all the old-fashioned notions of getting a fortune, and hurried off to make one, as they fondly imagined, by a few strokes of the pick, and a few shakes of the 'cradle.' From the time when the first convict settlement was established at Sydney, men talked of the yellow metal, and one prisoner who pretended that he had found a gold mine, confessed the fraud, and after receiving a hundred lashes was hung, by way of example to all would-be explorers, and of encouragement to the others to walk in the paths of honesty. It was during the early 'fifties' that people out here began to agitate for the cessation of transportation, and just about the same time came the whispers of the finding of real nuggets, whispers that gathered voice as they went and set men's hearts beating to be gone to the scene of the discovery. And somehow or other the news spread through our prisons, and

many a man, cut off for the rest of his life from free communion with his fellow men, sat and brooded in the solitude of his cell as to how he might break away and make a dash for the goldfields; and when several attempts had been made, and some successfully, we government officials were ordered to bestir ourselves, though truth to tell the golden tooth had bitten some of us. The prison authorities became stricter than ever, and the wholesale punishments in which they indulged redoubled the efforts of the anti-transportation people. The very worst class of prisoners were then in confinement at Port Arthur, and a choice lot they were, consisting chiefly of 'lifers,' for most of those whose sentences and conduct permitted of such a course had been granted tickets-of-leave. Amongst these 'lifers' was a man who interested me very much, though, strange to say, I had never exchanged a word with him. His demeanour was utterly different to that of the other prisoners, and his handsome face was quite devoid of those characteristic traits that we look for in the features of felons. I had the curiosity to hunt up his record, and I was astonished to discover that he had been found guilty of murder, but that for some reason his sentence had been commuted to transportation for life, and looking at the date of his arrival I saw that he had already been more than twelve years in durance vile. During this period his conduct had been so uniformly good that he had steered clear of anything in the way of extra punishment; but you will understand how difficult it was for even the best of men to escape the worst of degradations when I tell you that at last he was ordered to be flogged. And this was how it came about. One morning the commandant found a footmark on the clean stone step of his office door. Something had put him out, so he sent for the men who usually worked near the place and asked who had soiled the step. There were four men who might have done it, but as none of them would speak he pitched upon Forester — Tom Forester was his name — as the culprit, and ordered him to go down on his knees and scrub the mark away; and so completely had his temper got the better of him, that he threatened to lash the four of them, and, calling him a 'meek and mild rascal,' he bade Forester begin at once. Then Forester broke down, and did that which no official could brook: he flatly denied that he had been near the step, and he just as flatly refused to touch it, and before ten minutes were over they were putting on his back a brand that he would carry to his grave. He was brought out again next morning. There stood a pail of water, and beside it a piece of sandstone. 'Scrub that step!' said the commandant. White with the agony of the night he had gone through, Forester said never a word, but walked to the pail, and lifting his foot, pushed it over and spilt its con-



"'FORESTER PUSHED IT OVER"

tents on the stone; and, in spite of his condition, they gave him another twenty lashes. Four times was this scene repeated, and when they would have taken him out a fifth time the Doctor interfered so resolutely, and was so positive that the man could not endure another flogging and live, that the poor wretch was placed in the infirmary, there to have his wounds healed, and with the promise that, as soon as he could bear it, the punishment would be repeated until his spirit was broken, and he should obey. But before a month had passed Forester was missing, and along with him disappeared a man named Morton, who had acted as wardsman in the infirmary, and who had only six weeks to serve to finish his sentence. It was suspected that this man had made such good use of the opportunities that came in his way, owing to the manner in which he was trusted, that he had effected their joint escape. And so it turned out. I found traces of the fugitives down at the East Coast, and from there I followed them until we got into a wild bit of country in the Sorrell district, where I heard news of them that made me hope, and yet dread, that we should soon come up with them—I say dread, because I knew that Forester would do his utmost to prevent our taking him alive, and it was plain to me that the other man had sacrificed himself to help his fellow-prisoner. What I heard was this, that one of the men was badly wounded, and the other could only get him along with great difficulty. It was terribly hot weather, with a wind blowing as though it came from a blast furnace, a wind so strong and stifling that it had beaten back the sea breeze. So we lay by during the middle of the day, and when the sun, like a red ball in a brazen sky, began to dip, we made a start. I had O'Neil with me, and two constables, and we could go on all night, for there would be a full moon, by the light of which we could travel as easily as in the day time. It was about half-an-hour before sunset when we got to the top of a hill, and looked down upon a clearing in which was a deserted hut, that had once been the scene of a bush tragedy, and whilst the constables threw themselves on the grass, for we had had a pretty stiff climb, I went forward to reconnoitre. I don't think I ever gazed upon a drearier scene, for the scrub had begun to encroach upon what had once been a garden, and the hut looked the picture of desolation, lit up as it was by the weird light that gleamed from its solitary window, and with its loose thatch lifting to every puff of the hot blast. I remembered perfectly well the tragedy that had given the place its evil reputation, and I was back again in the past, busy with its details, when suddenly I saw the ricketty door open, and a man came out and shading his eyes with his hand, took a sweeping survey of the hills around. He carried a tin dipper, and having apparently satisfied himself with his scrutiny, he went to the side of the hut where there was a water-hole, and when presently he had filled the vessel and gone in, I felt sure that we had run our quarry to earth. I lay there and sketched out a plan of attack, whereby we might come at them, and so completely surprise them, that we should make them prisoners before they could offer any resistance, and if we could do this there was a chance that we might save them from the hangman's hands. O'Neil and I would wriggle our way up to the hut, and I should leave a constable at either end of the valley. In the bright light of the moon that was already pushing up the Eastern sky, the convicts could not easily escape, and if the door offered no very great resistance, I felt that O'Neil and I must be more than a match for them, sorely wounded as one of them was. I crept back to my fellows and explained matters, and when everything had been arranged we lay down in the scrub and waited, and presently in the 'tween-lights,' and while the West was still aglow with the last of the sun's rays, there stole up from the hut chimney the smoke of the fire that they had not dared to light in the day time. As I lay there I could not help feeling the most intense pity for the poor wretches around whom we were drawing our toils. To be sure they were fugitives from justice; according to the laws of their country they were men, who, until they were 'justified,' as the Scotch say, must not mingle with any but felons

and those who guarded them; but then look how the one of them had been tortured, and how the other had given up a certain prospect of happiness, to take on the almost certain prospect of a halter. The reflection that came to me as I lay there paved the way for what was to follow, and it was with soft hearts that O'Neil—who shared my feelings to the full—and myself began our task as soon as the others had been properly posted.

"Not a sound came from the hut, the wind had become somewhat cooler since sunset, but it blew fresh enough to cover any noise we might have made. The scrub extended to within a few yards of the hut, and crossing this bare patch I stood ready to push the door in with my shoulder and to challenge the inmates. I waited a few seconds to let O'Neil get round to the back, and I had already braced my muscles for the effort, when the door was suddenly opened and a man stood facing me. In the bright light I recognised him at once. He was James Morton, who had acted as wardsman.

"'You're after me!' he said. 'I caught a glint of you' through the chinks of the hut just afore sunset. You can take me, but I ain't much use to anyone now.'

"His voice betrayed his mortal weakness, and his face was so wan and white as he leant against the door-post, that in very shame I dropped the muzzle of the revolver with which I had covered him.

"'Where's your mate?' I asked.

"'He ain't here,' he said. 'He's miles away by now, and the sooner you get me away the better.'

"I knew that he was lying, for he was not the man that I had seen come out of the hut, and no one had left it since. But his lie was all of a piece with the efforts he had made to get Forester away, and if ever a lie could be forgiven, it would be the like of the one he was telling me then.

"'He's a pretty sort of mate,' I said, 'to leave you in such a fix. If he'd been worth his salt he'd have stuck to you in your trouble.'

"He took a pace or two forward, but before he could answer me another man stepped out of the hut and stood with arms outstretched towards me.

"'Put your handcuffs on me!' he said. 'I could have shot you, but I've never spilt blood yet, though the jury said I had, and I'll go before my Maker with clean hands.'

"O'Neil had come round from the back of the hut, and before I could take any action had, by a sort of professional instinct, slipped on the bracelets. I saw Morton stagger back and throw out his arms as though to reach the rough side of the hut, and catching him as he was falling I let him slip down gently upon the grass. He lay there for awhile without speaking, but presently, when I had made him swallow some brandy from my flask, he found his voice.

"'You've rounded on me, Tom,' he said. 'You ought to hev bunked two hours agone when you had the chanst. What's bin the good of what I done? They won't flog you any more, Tom; they'll hang you. Give me another drop of that brandy, mister, and there's jist enough life left in me to tell you what Tom told me, and—and—to ast you summat.'

"I gave him the spirit, and resting his head against my knee, and with my arm round him he told me a story, the truth of which was revealed in its every word.

"'I'm dyin' for sure,' he said, 'and I'll tell you Gawd's truth!' and with that he related in his own graphic and forcible language the story that had been told to him in the infirmary. The life that I had led, and that had brought me in contact with all sorts of men, had taught me to distinguish the true from the false, and the child-like, simple trust that this dying man had in the truth of what Forester had told him made me a believer, too, and when he had finished I looked upon the man who stood there with the gyves on his wrists as one of the most ill-treated men on God's earth. I can't convey to you the intense earnestness of poor Morton.

"'Do you believe him and me? Do you believe he was innocent?' he asked, looking up at me, and I could only answer, 'I do! God help you both!'

"'Ay! He'll help us, right enough,' he said, 'and you must too. He has helped us, He's made you believe us, and now I'll tell you what I want to ast you.'

"He had grown so weak that his words came with the greatest difficulty.

"'Will you—let—Tom go? Give him—a chanst—to get to England—and he'll—prove his innocence. When you come to be like I am now, sir, you'll see things—different to what—you see 'em when you're—full of life. Say you'll let—him go. It won't be much—for you to do—seein' as how—I've giv—my life for it.'

"I caught the hand that was feebly groping for mine, and pressed it.

"'Gawd—bless you!' he said in a voice that was almost a whisper, and so faint was he that I gave him the last of the brandy. He lay quiet for a second or two.

"'Tom! Tom!' he called presently. 'Put your arms around me.'



"'GAWD BLESS YOU!' HE SAID

"I heard the click as O'Neil unfastened the handcuffs, and the rattle as they fell on the turf, and as Forester's arm stole round the dying man, I slipped mine away.

"'Let me die—like that—Tom!' he said. 'I'm gettin' near it now—but I ain't afeard. What was that—as the Chaplain—used to say—about one chap—dyin' for another? Suthin—about love—I've—I've giv my life—for you Tom! same as you'd—ha' done—for me. Tom put your face close to me!' and then he fell to muttering something to himself for a few seconds, until there came quite plainly the words 'deliver us from evil,' and even as they passed his lips his head fell back, and the deliverance he had prayed for had come, and when the man for whom he

had died, had gathered him for a second or two to his bosom, he laid him back, and the moon had never shone down on a face more placid.

"I was still looking at it when Forester spoke.

"'You can put the handcuffs on me again, now,' he said, 'and the sooner they make me like him there, the better!'

"It was O'Neil who took upon himself to reply, but his voice was very shaky, and he seemed to be talking to himself, for he had turned his back upon us and was looking away over the hills.

"'There'll be three ships by this time pretty nearly full up at the Huon with timber for Melbourne. They're bound to be short of hands, and if a decent-looking man was to get a word with one of the skippers, and put it that he was willing to work his way over, the skipper wouldn't ask awkward questions. There's a soft spot in the back of this shanty where a man could soon work his way out, and anyone in front couldn't see him if they didn't look for him, and with a few shillings in his pocket and a bit of judgment, he might make the Huon in three or four days.'

"And the jingle I heard did not come from the handcuffs that ought to have slipped over the man's wrists; it came from the money that O'Neil held in the hand that he had stretched behind him, and that presently went into Forester's.

"'Heaven bless you,' I heard, and the glimpse that I caught of Forester as he slipped into the hut was, I fervently prayed, the last I should ever see of him.

"''Twas what you wanted, sir,' said O'Neil, and for answer I took the quick-witted, generous fellow's hand. 'I'll be calling up the others,' he said, 'and we'll easily stall them off; and with that he gave a shrill whistle, and the men were soon with us, and when I had explained that we had only taken one prisoner, 'and him released already,' as O'Neil put it, we carried the body into the hut, leaving the two constables outside, and I whispered to Forester to wait for an hour before he made his dash for liberty.

"We made our bivouac under the trees, and when we examined poor Morton next morning we found that he had sustained a fearful injury—the result of a fall as we afterwards learned—to one side of his body; and the torture that he must have endured as he crawled through the bush in the blazing sun will be one more item on the credit side of his account when his books of this life come to be balanced."

* * * * *

"When we allowed Forester to escape some feeling must have been within us akin to that which, as the ballad has it, prompted the hunter when he looked into the deer's big, pleading eyes to let her go, although his knife was at her throat. Moonlight and sentiment go well together, but when I came to think over matters next day as we trudged along in the stifling hot wind, I saw that, from an official point of view, our conduct was utterly inexcusable, and I most fervently hoped that we should never see Forester again—at all events, in Tasmania; and my hopes were realised, for after we reported the capture and death of Morton and the escape of his mate, we never heard anything further of the latter, and, although a sharp look-out was kept at all the ports for some time, his name was soon forgotten.

"Two years passed. Fifty-four had come and with it such an irresistible wave of the gold-fever that I could no longer ward off its attack, so, taking six month's leave I packed up my traps and started off for the fields, intending, as the Yankees say, to go a 'lone hand.' But when I reached Melbourne the state of affairs there altered my plans. Every man you met was either just upon the point of setting out for the diggings or cursing the luck that stayed him, and ready to do anything and everything to procure the wherewithal to buy a miner's licence and the necessary outfit. There were vessels by the hundred abandoned in the harbour, for no sooner did their crews reach shore than they deserted *en masse*. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world was there such a transformation as that gold-fever

effected, for from the night on which the news of the big discovery at Ballarat came to hand, Melbourne, from being an insignificant township in an out of the way corner of the globe, became the centre of attraction of the civilised world.

"Such a collection of vagabonds had come together, so many birds of prey were on the pounce, that I thought it safer to join a party who were just starting up country, and after a rough and tumble journey I caught the first glimpse of a mining town. Scarcely, however, had we come in sight of Ballarat than we were met by a party of mounted troopers, and their officer ordered us to camp where we were and not to leave the spot until the riots were over.

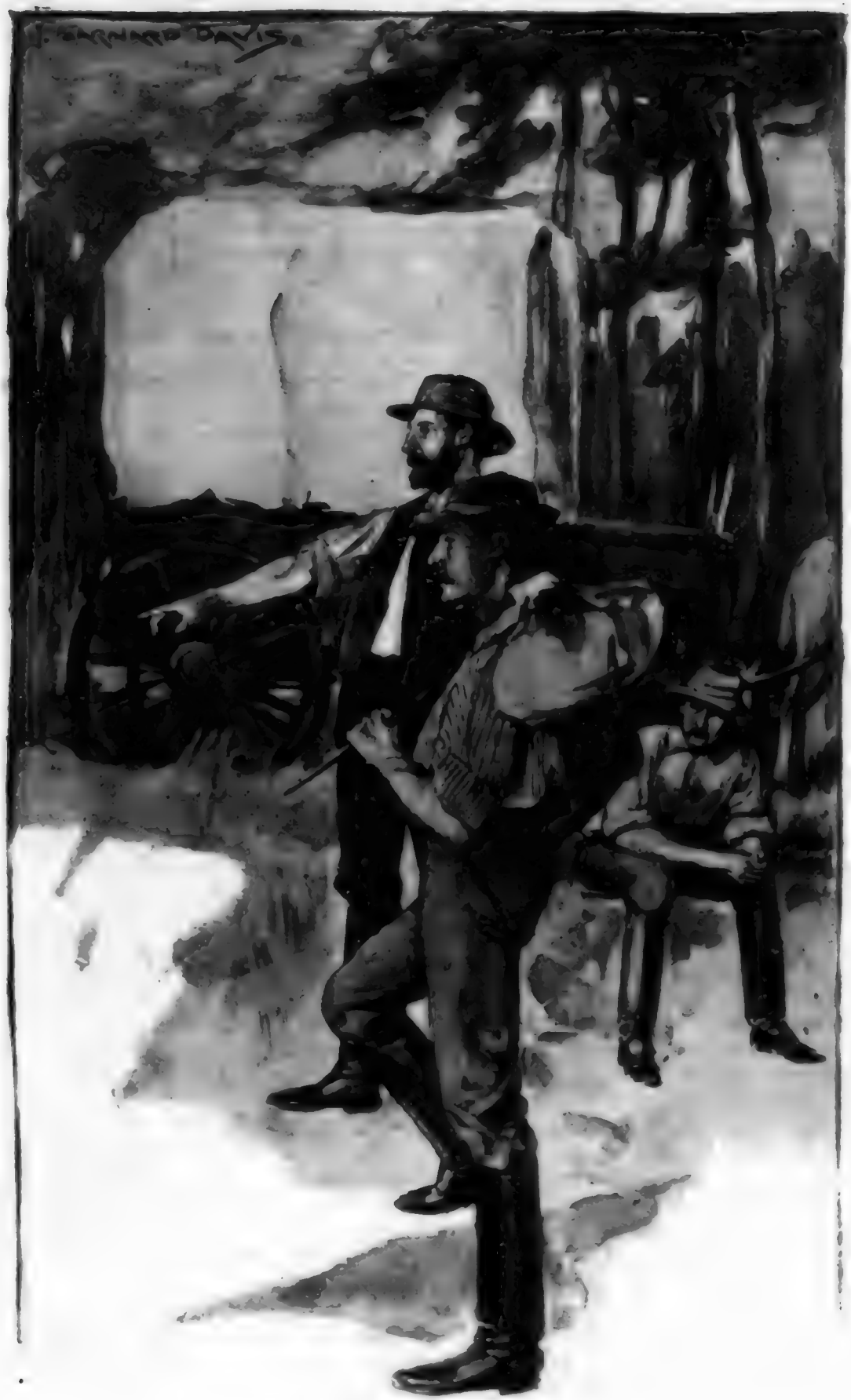
"By a piece of stupid statesmanship the miner's licence had been raised, I don't know how many per cent, and the method of collecting the tax was quite as objectionable and arbitrary as that adopted in the time of Wat Tyler, and the result was that the miners had banded together, and collecting what arms they could had built a fortification called the Eureka Stockade, and there determined to fight for their rights.

"We arrived on the 2nd of December, and a worse piece of business never was carried out in Australia than that which happened on Sunday the 3rd, for it had in it all the worst features of the French street fight, and it resulted in the deaths of forty miners, and many of the regulars were killed and wounded. I must tell you about this some other time, for I saw it all, and that Sabbath day, instead of the music of church-bells and words of peace and goodwill. I heard the crash of muskets and the curses of men bent upon each other's destruction, and I believe that when I looked upon the dead gold-seekers, and when I saw them carried to their graves the cure of the gold-fever had already begun to work within me.

"Our party had more than the average luck, but although I was used to roughing it I never have had such an experience as those few months on the diggings brought me, and when my share of the proceeds of our labour was nigh upon four hundred pounds, I sold out and started for home, in company with two men who had brought up a dray-load of commodities, and having turned them into 'dust' were on their way back to Melbourne.

"I didn't much like the looks of either of these worthies, but I felt that it would be as much to their interests as to mine that we should stick together; and all went well till we came to a certain stage on our journey, when the dray broke down on a very rough bit of road, and we had to call a halt. From the point where the accident happened there was a short cut, so my mates told me, that would save about two days' travelling, and finding that the delay was likely to be a long one I got my traps together and started off along the track that would bring me over the hills to the Werribee River, and so across an easier piece of country to Melbourne. But before twelve hours had passed I was utterly and hopelessly lost; and worse than that, I knew that I was being hunted. I can't explain how I first came to this conclusion, but in the awful solitude of the bush I really believe one develops an extra faculty, a sort of instinct that hears and understands aright sounds that would otherwise be unnoticed; and the snapping of a dry stick, the flutter of a startled bird from some spot that I had lately passed over, the soft swish of the brushwood that had closed upon me some minutes before and that ought to have been silent in the still air, were proofs to me in the quickened condition of my senses that someone was on my trail. And to make my position worse I could not come face to face with whoever was tracking me, for no matter how I tried to double back on my own footsteps, I never could catch a glimpse of anyone following me, and this instead of dispelling my fears only made me certain that my pursuer was as cunning as an Indian, and had a knowledge of woodcraft far superior to mine.

"And after that first awful night, when, although I had hidden myself with all the cunning of which I was master, I dared not close my eyes, there happened to me that which sooner or later, almost always happens to the 'bush-belated' one.



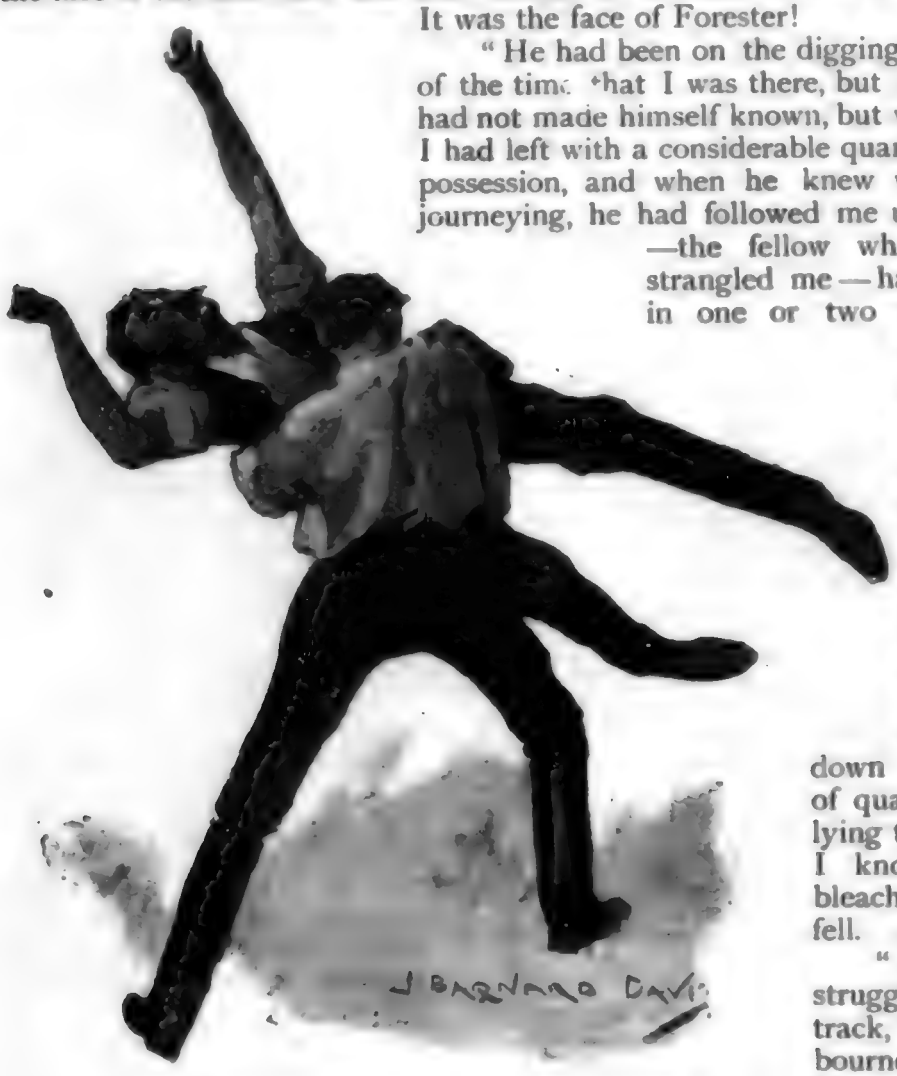
"THERE WAS A SHORT CUT, MY MATES TOLD ME

I began to go round in the fatal circle, and to come back on my own tracks, and about mid-day, when the air was still and close and I was well-nigh exhausted, I had the first ocular demonstration that my enemy, for what else could he be? was close up with me. I had been over a marshy bit of ground, and about two hours afterwards I crossed it again, and in one spot close to the edge of the scrub, where the soil was soft and boggy there was the impression of a foot that was not mine, for I made a mark with my boot beside it, and the two were utterly different. I have been in many a tight place, as you can easily understand from the nature of the life that my profession called upon me to lead, but I never felt so sickening a sensation, never realised so fully the force of Defoe's description of Crusoe's feelings, as when I saw that footprint, and I got under cover and lay down in the thickest of the scrub, though if the man who was dogging me would have shown himself in the open I would have followed suit, and fought it out to the bitter end, even though he had been a Goliath. Well, when I had lain there for an hour or two, I got so mad at the awful loneliness that I stole out and crept along to a piece of more open land, and presently I saw ahead of me traces of a bush fire, and abandoning my cautious mode of procedure, I made a dash onward. The undergrowth had been cleared away, and the huge, blackened trunks of the gum trees were standing with pretty wide intervals between them, and when I had crossed the patch where the fire had been fiercest, I looked back, but could see no sign of life. My food and drink had dwindled down to the last 'bit and sup.' I threw off the pack in which I had stowed my gold, and I kicked it and cursed it for the pass to which it had brought me, and that very piece of quartz that you were handling just now, rolled out of the swag and away from my foot, and lay there mocking me with its golden veins. And I let it lie, and the bundle as well, and I finished the last of my 'grub' to give me strength for a final effort. I 'blazed' the tree as well as I could, and when I had rested awhile I scooped away the earth with my knife and buried the swag; but I left the piece of quartz where it was, and took no further notice of it, and marking out the line of route that I intended to try and follow, I started off. For two hours I battled with my difficulties and despair, and I knew then how a man could be brought to such a pass that even his birthright would seem well-bestowed did it but bring him a mess of pottage or a draught of water. Evening was coming on, and the stillness that brooded over the face of nature was so solemn and so profound, that the very faintest rustling, the almost silent shiver of the leaves, broke it, and made it seem as though God Himself were whispering to me!

"Suddenly I found myself once more on that edge of the clearing that was farthest from the spot where I had buried the gold, and just when my heart had sunk within me as low as heart could sink, I caught sight of that which brought it back to its normal position, for the man who was sneaking from tree to tree in front of me was flesh and blood, and I was now the hunter, and he the hunted. He was one of the two villains with whom I had left the diggings, and we learnt afterwards that they had purposely set me adrift in this bush to follow me up and get my gold, and that they had no fear about leaving their own traps in the wilderness, since they had carefully sent down their dust by escort.

"Well, I followed my leader up until he reached the tree that I had blazed, and he wasn't long in unearthing the bundle and annexing it, and he had actually strapped it on to his back and was coming round the tree when I met him face to face. The revolver that covered him brought him to a standstill, but when I called upon him to put up his hands, he made straight for me, so swiftly and suddenly that I missed him clean, and before I could pull again he had gripped my wrist with one hand and had got the other on my throat. Weak as I was, I put out every ounce of strength left me, and I held my own for a few minutes. Gradually he wore me down, his grip tightened every moment, I could scarcely draw my breath, and presently I went down and I felt that my last hour had come.

But suddenly his fingers relaxed their hold. Someone had sprung upon him, and I lay there, and as in a dream looked on that deadly struggle, and just as I was fainting away I saw the one man lift the other, and throw him heavily. When I came to, a face that was somehow familiar to me was bending over me. It was the face of the man that had held Morton in his arms beside the hut in Tasmania. It was the face of Forester!



"I SAW THE ONE MAN LIFT THE OTHER

"He had been on the diggings during the whole of the time that I was there, but for obvious reasons had not made himself known, but when he heard that I had left with a considerable quantity of gold in my possession, and when he knew with whom I was journeying, he had followed me up, for Jake Hatler—the fellow who had so nearly strangled me—had been concerned in one or two mysterious disappearances.

"When Forester had given me some food, and a dose or two from his flask, we went to examine Hatler, and we found him past giving any further trouble, with his skull fractured, where his head had come down crash on the piece of quartz that I had left lying there, and for aught I know his bones are bleaching now where he fell.

"Forester and I struggled back to the track, and down to Melbourne, and on the way I learned that fortune had smiled upon him and that he was a rich man; and I think you cannot have a more convincing proof of the all-absorbing nature of that gold-fever, than the fact that it so got hold of him, that instead of making good his escape from the Colonies, he went up to the diggings and worked there all that time in spite of the risks he ran of detection. He told me, too, the story of his life, and that he was going to employ his wealth in trying to prove his innocence. He had not forgotten what we had done for him, and I brought back with me a very heavy package addressed to Mr. Henry O'Neil.

"Two years afterwards I had a letter that was exceedingly pleasant reading, for it contained the news that Thomas Forester had been graciously pardoned, and that he was free to look the world in the face once more. He sent particular orders that we should put a stone over Morton's grave, and on that stone in the Richmond Cemetery you may read the few words that tell of the love that prompted a man to lay down his life for his friend."

Famous British Ships

AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

By WALTER WOOD.

The "Centurion" and Anson. The Capture of the Spanish Treasure-ship.

VANDERDECKEN and his spectral band on board the *Flying Dutchman*, battling for ever with the wind and sea, form a picture not less fearful than that which has been given to us of Anson, with his rotten ship and scurvy-smitten crew, lumbering on his course in southern seas, taking here a ship and there a ship, and at the end of all his tribulation coming up with and smiting sorely the Spanish captain with the sonorous name and carrying off his galleon, with her precious freight. Anson is known to some as a sailor who was First Lord of the Admiralty and died a peer and Admiral of the Fleet; he is known to others because he defeated the French in 1747, and captured ten of their ships, but he is best known as the commander who, in the *Centurion*, took the Spanish treasure-ship off the Philippine Isle, with pieces of eight to the number of more than a million and a quarter, and 36,000 ounces of virgin silver and plate, the value of the whole being £313,000. The action off Cape Finisterre in 1747 has been reproduced on canvas by more than one painter, but artists, known and unknown, have loved most to dwell on the fight between the English sea-dog and the Don of Spain. The treasure-ship has excited their imaginations and stimulated their brushes, for pieces of eight and virgin silver have ever been themes for generous inspiration.

Who could not write about and dwell lovingly upon the doings of the men who chased the plate-ships in 1799, for instance? Not a hundred years ago his Majesty's ship *Ethalion* captured the *Thetis* with 1,400,000 dollars on board, and the *Naiad*, *Alcmène* and *Triton* took the *Santa Brigida* with 1,400,000 dollars. It needed sixty-three artillery waggons—escorted by horse and foot soldiers and armed seamen and marines, and accompanied by bands of musicians—to convey the treasure to the dungeons of the citadel at Plymouth, and each captain received as his share of the prize-money £40,730 18s., each lieutenant £5,091 7s. 3d., and each seaman and marine—let us be exact—£182 4s. 9¼d. But even this haul of wealth is less than that which fell to the captors of the treasure-ship *Hermione*. The unlucky galleon, homeward bound from Lima, was taken off Cadiz in May, 1762, by the *Acteon*, 28 guns, and the *Favourite*, 18. She was unconscious that war had been declared between England and Spain, and submitted almost without striking a blow, being utterly unprepared for action. To the admiral and each of the two captains there fell as prize-money £65,000, each lieutenant got £13,000, each warrant officer £4,000, each petty officer £2,000, and each seaman £500. This was the historical occasion on which the jolly tars bought up all the watches in Portsmouth and fried them in fat over the galley fire. Reading of doings such as these, we lose sight of the miseries that were endured prior to the victories; and so it is with Anson. The treasure-ship he secured looms large and overwhelms all else. Before the glamour of the wealth he took one is apt to forget the ravages of the scurvy and the dangers of the storm with which he fought incessantly.

Anson was the second Englishman to circumnavigate the globe, his predecessor being Drake. In many ways the two commanders were fellows in their astounding misfortunes, just as they were fellows in the object which took them from England—to harass and capture the Spaniard. Drake left England with five ships, of which even the largest, his own, only reached 100 tons. After an absence of two years and ten months he returned with only one ship, his own, and 50 men out of the 160 who had sailed with him. Anson's expedition lasted three years and nine months, and he also came home with but one of six vessels which formed his fleet when he sailed in September, 1740; and that was the *Centurion*, of 60 guns and 400 men. Anson left England with a large number of men—it is difficult to estimate the exact number—but when he fell in with the great galleon in June, 1743, he had only 201 left.

Some idea of the terrible havoc wrought by disease can be gained from the statistics which have been definitely placed on record concerning the *Centurion*, the *Gloucester*, and the *Trial*. A year after leaving England the *Centurion* had 214 men left, having buried 290; the *Gloucester* had lost as many as Anson's ship, and had 82 remaining; and the *Trial* had 39 alive, having buried 42. These three ships left England with 961 men on board, and within twelve months 626 were dead.



GEORGE, LORD ANSON, FROM A MEDAL

There was no doubt as to the purpose of Anson in setting sail from England. War had been declared with our old enemy, Spain, for the several injuries and indignities offered to the Crown and people of England. Anson was to go with his squadron to the Spanish coasts of South America, and was there to annoy and distress the Spaniards, either at sea or on land. He was to take, sink, burn, or otherwise destroy all their ships and vessels he met with, and was specially ordered to prevent the enemy from communicating with any likely quarter from which help could come.

The declaration of war against Spain was in no slight measure induced by the incident of what is known as "Jenkins's ear." When a committee of the House of Commons inquired into various Spanish abuses, Captain Jenkins, of the Glasgow brig *Rebecca*, stated that his ear had been cut off by a Spanish captain, who had put it into his hand and told him to present it to the King, his master, adding that if he had had his Majesty there he would have treated him in the same manner. Jenkins produced his ear before the committee, and although subsequent events showed that his story in some respects was open to question, still the atrocious act and the insult to the King roused the nation to fury. The Spaniards, having heard of Jenkins's story, capped it with one better. They sent abroad a tale to the effect that an English captain inveigled two Spanish gentlemen on board his ship, and stowed them away for a couple of days in order to extract a ransom. This attempt being unsuccessful, he cut off the ears and nose of one of them and, standing with a knife at his throat, forced him to swallow them. This cheerful story, like that of our own countryman, is open to some slight degree of doubt.

The paragraph in the instructions to Anson which interests us most is that

particularly relating to the treasure-ship which sailed for Manilla from Acapulco, on the West Coast of Mexico, at a certain season of the year, and also returned at a certain season. In case Anson fell in with the galleon he was authorised to return home either by way of China or Cape Horn, just as he thought best for the preservation of his ships and men. Anson's heart was set on this paragraph, perhaps, more than on any other in the instructions, and in carrying it out he suffered to an extent that is almost past belief.

Had the instructions been properly obeyed he would not, when he got back home, have had so doleful a tale to tell of loss by death, for he would have had men with him who at any rate had the average chance of life. Instead, however, of giving him for his arduous and dangerous undertaking men who were sound both in mind and limb, a small host of worn-out pensioners was foisted on to him.

When he was almost ready to sail he applied for 300 seamen, the number by which he was short, who were to be furnished at Portsmouth. When he asked for them, however, he was told that only 170 could be spared. Of these 170, thirty-two were received out of hospital, three officers and thirty-seven men came from Lowther's Regiment, and ninety-eight were soldier-marines. Anson had also been promised 300 men from Colonel Bland's Regiment of Foot, to be employed as land forces in the operations against the Spanish settlements. These troops also he never got, but received in their stead some out-pensioners of Chelsea Hospital. He was to have had 500 of these poor old creatures, but every pensioner who had the strength to get away deserted from Portsmouth, and only 259 appeared on board the ships of Anson's squadron. All these were invalids, some of them being more than seventy years old, while most were turned sixty.

Can any more pitiful picture be imagined than that of these old men, torn from home, after they had by their previous perils earned a needed retirement, and condemned to a service in which they could not hope to escape death? The monstrous inhumanity of those who were responsible for sending to sea these unfortunate veterans—one of whom had actually been wounded fifty years before at the Battle of the Boyne—was sufficiently proved by the fact that not one of the whole 259 ever returned to England.

Anson's cup of misery was not full even when he had had the pensioners thrust upon him. By way of filling the places of 241 invalids who had deserted, 210 marines from various regiments were ordered on board the ships. These men had just been raised, and were so raw and undisciplined that they were not allowed to fire their muskets, while of life at sea they were totally ignorant. Anson's humane spirit revolted against taking the pensioners to sea, and he raised a protest, only to be told that those who had had the ordering of things doubtless imagined that they knew more about soldiers than he did, and considered that the pensioners were the fittest men to be employed in the service undertaken. The Rev. Richard Walter, who was chaplain of the *Centurion* during Anson's expedition, and whose account of the voyage round the world forms such fascinating reading, explains that these out-pensioners consisted of soldiers who, from their age, wounds, or other infirmities, were incapable of service in marching regiments. Of the 2,000 out-pensioners of the Hospital only the most crazy and infirm were chosen, although it would have been tolerably easy to select 500 men who had the remains of vigour left in them. The detachment that was sent to Anson seemed to be made up of the "most decrepit and miserable objects that could be collected out of the whole body—and were much fitter for an infirmary than for any military duty." It seems that this shameful state of things was due, not to the Admiralty, but to the action of certain "Lords Justices."

The miserable delays in getting Anson ready for sea enabled the Spaniards to prepare a squadron to intercept him. These vessels—six in number, including four ships of the line—were put under the command of Admiral Pizarro; but they were scarcely more fortunate than Anson's own craft. While attempting to double

Cape Horn they were dispersed by a storm, and after escaping many dangers they managed to reach La Plata. Two had lost half their crews, while the *Esperanza* had only fifty-eight of a crew of 450 men left alive, and sixty soldiers only remained of an entire regiment she had on board before the storm. One ship was never heard of, and another was wrecked on the Coast of Brazil.

A curious story is told of the Spanish commander, whose duty it was to intercept Anson. He had received such exact information about the English squadron that he reproduced Anson's broad pendant. While off the East Coast of South America, the *Pearl* was separated from her consorts by a gale. After being lost sight of for a month a sail was seen by the squadron, and the *Gloucester* and *Severn* gave chase. It was found, however, that the ship was the missing *Pearl*, and the *Gloucester* alone kept up the pursuit. To everyone's astonishment the *Pearl* did her best to get away, and when the *Gloucester* came up with her they found her cleared for a fight. When the people on board the *Pearl* saw that they were in company of their friend, the lieutenant, who was in command had to report the death of the captain and to explain as a reason for his singular behaviour that, after parting from his consorts, he saw five ships which he supposed to be the English squadron, and allowed the commander's vessel, which wore a broad, red pendant, exactly like Anson's, to come within gun-shot of the *Pearl* before the mistake was discovered. He at once crowded on all sail and managed to escape, although he was chased throughout the day. So closely did the Spanish Admiral's vessel resemble the *Gloucester* that when the latter gave chase the lieutenant supposed that the enemy was once more after him, and he accordingly, in view of her greatly superior strength, tried to get away, although, like a brave man, he was ready to fight hard if necessary.

When Anson left England in September, 1740, he had with him five men-of-war, a sloop, and two victualling ships. The men-of-war were the *Centurion*, 60 guns and 400 men; the *Gloucester* and the *Severn*, each of 50 guns and 300 men; the *Pearl*, 40 guns and 250 men; the *Wager*, 28 guns and 160 men; and the *Trial*, 8 guns and 100 men. The victuallers were of 400 and 200 tons respectively, and attended the squadron until they had been cleared of the provisions they carried.

Anson's troubles began at the very outset, for he was 40 days in reaching Madeira, a voyage which was usually made in ten or twelve days. At Madeira he received intelligence which satisfied him that he had just escaped meeting the immensely superior Spanish squadron under Pizarro. Such a meeting was not by any means desirable just then, since Anson, in order to clear for a fight, would have been compelled to throw overboard vast quantities of provisions, which could ill have been spared, in view of the probable duration of the voyage. The Spaniards learned to their sorrow what it was to put to sea without an adequate supply of provisions. They left Spain with not more than four months' supply on board, and it is said that even that was computed at short allowance. When, therefore, they continued at sea for a month longer than had been calculated upon they were reduced to a state of starvation. Rats, when they could be caught on board, were sold for four dollars each, and all manner of subterfuge was resorted to in order to get food. The death of a sailor on one of the ships was concealed for several days by his brother, so that the living man could receive the dead man's allowance of provisions, the sailor occupying the same hammock as the corpse until the deception was found out. So terrible became the hunger that the marines of the *Asia*, of fifty-six guns, the Admiral's ship, plotted the massacre of the officers and the crew of 700 men, simply that they might appropriate to themselves the whole of the ship's provisions. When the plot was just about to be executed one of the soldiers confessed. The conspiracy was defeated, and three of the ringleaders were at once put to death. On board the *Guipuscoa*, of 74 guns and 700 men, matters reached such a pass that only an ounce and a-half of biscuit was served out daily to each man who was fit for duty, while the sick had an

allowance only of one ounce of wheat per diem. Before land was made 250 men had perished of hunger and fatigue, and it was a common thing for men to fall dead while working the pumps.

Of all the disasters which befell Anson after leaving Madeira, where he had



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE, LORD ANSON — FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOUBRAKEN

taken in as much water and "wine and other refreshments" as could be put on board, it is impossible to write at length, but reference must be made to the dreadful and fateful sickness, of which, wrote Sir John Barrow, there is no parallel in the annals of navigation. When, on December 21st, St. Catherine's Island, off the coast of Brazil, was reached, eighty sick men had to be landed from the

Centurion alone, and a number of men had died of dysentery and fever, the other ships having suffered in proportion. A month previously the commanders of the ships had reported to Anson that much sickness existed on board, owing, it was believed, to the want of air between decks, the vessels being so deeply laden that it was impossible to open the lower ports for the purpose of ventilation. Anson had accordingly ordered six air scuttles to be cut in each vessel, but in spite of this the result upon reaching St. Catherine's Island was as stated. After remaining on the Island a month tents were struck, and by that time twenty-eight of the *Centurion's* men had perished, and the number of sick had risen from eighty to ninety-six.

The terrible and loathsome scurvy spread rapidly, the skill of the surgeons on board the ships being powerless to check or stop it. At that time the value of lemon juice was not known. In Walter's account of the voyage we learn that the pensioners were obliged to keep below at the very beginning with the ports shut, and little or no fresh air, such air as there was being polluted and infected by their own breath. At St. Catherine's the decks were scraped, the ships thoroughly cleaned and smoked between decks, and every part well washed with vinegar, for "correcting the noisome stench on board and destroying the vermin, for, from the number of our men and the heat of the climate, both these nuisances had increased upon us to a very loathsome degree." The general symptoms of scurvy were described as large discoloured spots dispersed over the whole surface of the body, swelled legs, putrid gums, and, above all, an extraordinary lassitude of the whole body, especially after any exercise, however inconsiderable. Some of the men, although confined to their hammocks, would eat and drink heartily, and were cheerful and talked with seeming vigour, and yet upon being moved in the least, even in their hammocks, they died immediately. Others, having faith in their apparent strength, died while getting out of their hammocks, and others, again, who imagined that they were well enough to perform some little duties, fell dead while executing them.

Anson reached his first station alone, and when, on June 9th, 1741, he arrived at Juan Fernandez, where thirty-two years before Robinson Crusoe, or Alexander Selkirk, had lived, he had only eight men who were fit for duty. Next day the *Trial* joined him, and the *Gloucester* appeared in sight on the 21st, but so crippled was she by the scurvy, and so contrary were the winds, that she did not reach an anchorage for a whole month after she was sighted, and by that time her unhappy crew had despaired of ever touching the land. Anson sent provisions and men on board, but for a fortnight the *Gloucester* could not be got into the bay. Even when this had been done, she disappeared for a week, and was given up as lost. When finally she dropped anchor, her crew numbered less than eighty.

When Anson fell in with the treasure-ship from Acapulca the *Centurion* alone remained of all his squadron, and she was in a rotten condition. The *Gloucester*, with seven feet of water in her hold, and the *Trial*, by the order of the commodore, had been destroyed by fire, as they were utterly worthless; and the *Wager* had been wrecked, her crew subsequently mutinying. By this time Anson in the *Centurion* had captured several prizes, and had sacked Paita, on the West Coast of South America, destroying merchandise which, even according to a Spanish estimate, was worth a million and a-half of dollars; but he had never since leaving England swerved in his purpose of capturing the great galleon.

Every human precaution was taken by Anson to ensure success in the fight with the Spaniard. Like a wise commander he kept his men from day to day at their guns and practising with their muskets. The result was that the Spaniard had no chance of success against him. After cruising for a month off Acapulco, to say nothing of his former wearisome watches in the same quarter, Anson was rewarded by sighting the *Nuestra Senora de Covadonga*. She was a ship of much larger size than the *Centurion*, and had on board 550 men. She had thirty-six guns

mounted for action, as well as twenty-eight pedreroes in her gunwale, quarters and tops, each carrying a 4 lb. ball. The galleon was excellently furnished with small arms, and particularly well provided with means to resist the assaults of boarders.

The captain of the galleon, Don Jeronimo de Montero—who was the "most approved officer for skill and courage of any employed in that service"—as soon as he saw that the *Centurion* was giving chase, prepared for fight, doubting not, probably, that he would blow the audacious Englishman out of the water. He hoisted the Spanish standard, and when within gun-shot the *Centurion* hoisted her broad pendant and colours.

When Anson neared the galleon he found that she had not been cleared for action, but that the crew were even then throwing cattle and lumber overboard. For his own part, his best marksmen, to the number of thirty, were in the tops, and he had made such admirable disposition of his small forces that he could keep up an incessant fire. Instead of discharging the whole broadside at once the guns were, one by one, continuously run out and fired. For this the enemy was not ready, the custom of the Spaniards being to fall upon the decks when seeing a broadside preparing, and to remain so covered until the enemy's guns had been discharged. Then they rose and worked their weapons until they saw that another broadside was ready for them. Anson's method of firing gun by gun, however, put this practice out of the question.

Anson opened fire with his chase-guns while the Spaniards were still throwing overboard the cattle and lumber, the galleon answering with hers. But the real business did not begin until the vessels were abreast of each other and within pistol-shot. Then the *Centurion* had matters her own way, and poured from her sides a deadly shower of shot, while from her tops the trained marksmen swept the decks of the galleon so thoroughly that every officer but one who appeared upon the quarter deck was either killed or wounded, the Spanish captain himself being badly hurt. At the very first volley from the *Centurion's* tops the Spaniards were driven from the tops of the galleon, being utterly unable to bear the galling and destructive fire of the English. Anson had an immense advantage over the Spaniard in that the wideness of his ports enabled him to use his guns freely and effectively, while the galleon could only bring part of hers to bear.

Soon after the engagement began great confusion was noticeable on board the galleon, the fire of the *Centurion* having killed and wounded such large numbers of men that the Spanish officers had to run about in order to prevent the men from deserting their posts.

Another serious incident on board the galleon had served to terrify the crew. Soon after the engagement opened the mats with which the galleon's crew had stuffed her netting, for the purpose of repelling boarders, took fire from the *Centurion's* wads, and the flames blazed so furiously as to reach as high as the mizen-top. Anson himself was in the greatest peril, for the galleon might have driven on board his own ship and set fire to her also. The Spaniards, however, at last cut away the blazing mass, which fell hissing into the sea.

For an hour and a-half the galleon tried to beat off her foe, but the number of her killed and wounded grew so rapidly, and the ship herself was so badly mauled by the shot of the *Centurion*, that after firing, as a last effort, five or six guns with more success than usual, the Spaniards abandoned the contest and yielded. The man who was ordered to strike the standard was in imminent peril of being killed by the *Centurion's* people, but Anson, seeing what his purpose was, gave express orders to cease fire.

Of the galleon's people no fewer than fifty-eight were killed and eighty-three were wounded, three of the latter dying the same night, while the *Centurion* had only sixteen men killed and fifteen wounded. These figures are from Anson's official report; another account gives the Spanish loss at sixty-seven killed and eighty-four wounded, and the English loss as two men killed and seventeen

wounded, of wnom all but one recovered. The Spaniard's masts and rigging were shot to pieces, and no fewer than 150 shot passed through her hull. Many of these were between wind and water, so that when Anson took charge of the galleon she was in a very leaky state. The *Centurion's* rigging also was shot to pieces; her bowsprit, foremast and mainmast were damaged, and she had received fifteen shot through her hull.

While still transported with the victory for which they had suffered so much and waited so long, word was taken to Anson that the *Centurion* was on fire near the powder magazine. Anson received the terrible intelligence without any outward sign of alarm, and quietly and without emotion gave the necessary orders to get the flames subdued. The efforts of the crew were successful, and the *Centurion* was once more saved from the fate which threatened her.

Most of the crew of the galleon were transferred to the *Centurion*, the ship herself being put under the command of Saumarez, Anson's first lieutenant. Saumarez, it may be mentioned, took part in Anson's fight off Finisterre. He was afterwards in Hawke's action in the Bay of Biscay on October 14, 1747, when he was killed by almost the last shot fired by the enemy.

Canton was reached a month after the fight, and by that time the Spaniards who had been kept prisoners in the *Centurion* were strangely changed. When they were first taken on board they were sightly, robust fellows, but when they were discharged in the river at Canton they were reduced to mere skeletons, and their "air and looks corresponded much more to the conception formed of ghosts and spectres than to the figure and appearance of real men." The galleon was sold for 6,000 dollars, all that the merchants would give for her.

Anson had at last succeeded in his purpose. The *Nuestra Senora de Covadonga*, with her immense wealth, was his, and all that he had to do was to make the best of his way home with the treasure from the galleon and the other ships he had taken. After many further hardships and annoyances and another narrow escape—for at the very gates of home he ran, by favour of a fog, through a French fleet that was cruising in the Chops of the Channel—he reached England, and met with the reception due to a man who had done damage to the King of Spain which amounted, all told, to at least a million sterling.

The *Centurion*, as one may well believe from reading her history, was a favourite ship of Anson's. She was in commission for more than thirty years, and during that time was almost constantly at sea. When she was broken up her figure-head, a carved lion, *rampant*, measuring 16 feet in height, was sent to George III., who gave it to the Duke of Richmond. His Grace had the relic put on a pedestal at Waterbeech, near Goodwood, and there—to what base uses!—it served as a public-house sign. William IV. subsequently saw the noble reminder of the past, and begged the lion as a present. The relic was sent to Windsor Castle, and the king caused it to be placed at the head of the grand staircase. Some "gentlemen of taste," however, persuaded his Majesty that the figure-head was out of character where it stood—as, indeed, it was—and he ordered it to be put in one of the wards at Greenwich Hospital to be called the "Anson Ward."

Of the few survivors of Anson's expedition two became famous in widely different ways. One was Howe, and the other was a seaman named George Gregory, who lived to be 109 years old.

Bill's Wife.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Harvest," "Good-Bye," "A Born Soldier," "Only Human," "A Blameless Woman," &c., &c.

IN the kitchen of a large London house two young women were sitting at tea. It was a comfortably furnished kitchen, and the table, which was laid for four people, was neat and inviting for a kitchen table; that is to say, the cloth, if coarse, was clean, as was the bread board which bore a loaf of the kind known as "cottage." Some butter lay upon a plate, a glass dish was filled with jam, and each young woman was in the act of devouring a round of hot buttered toast.

"'Pon my word," said one, "it is a sickening life! Now there's Ann Eliza, three times has she been rung up since she set down to her tea. I call it shameful. They are not expected upstairs to leave their meals when they've once set down to 'em, and I don't see why we should be expected downstairs to leave ours either."



"'PON MY WORD, SAID ONE"

"Well, but James is out," said the other girl.

"If James was in James would have to go up and answer them bells, wouldn't he?" retorted Susan. She was known upstairs by the more professional name of Rickman, for the establishment was one of those which always calls its servants by their surnames; downstairs, in the intimacy of the kitchen, she was called Susy. "Well, I do pity Ann Eliza for one thing," she went on, pouring out another cup of tea for herself, "to be maid-parlour-maid in a house where they are ringing as

you may say day and night, must be just dreadful. It's the front door bell here and the Missis there and the young ladies somewhere else, and I don't think that girl has set down once to rest her legs this day!"

Susy, who was the cook, did a good deal of sitting during the course of her day, for the family went out a good deal and did not keep much in the way of company. Susy was a pretty girl, five or six-and-twenty as to age, short and dumpy as to figure, and with a certain plumpness about it which men occasionally describe as "crummy," a face rather broad, with eyes wider apart than is usual, and a somewhat wide mouth, a complexion of cream and roses which might later on develope into a coarse red and white. She had also quantities of crisply curling hair of a dark brown tint, and she was very clean in person and attire. Her companion, Lucy Snowden, who was attired in the orthodox housemaid's costume, a dress almost white, with an abnormally smart cap and streamers, with a much-befrilled apron, was a younger girl, tall, slim, and a little acid. She was not a little partial to James, the indoor-servant, who happened to have gone out for the day.

"Well, you know, Susy," Lucy said, resting her elbow on the table and holding out the remains of her toast with a fine air of discrimination, "I don't know so much about Ann Eliza; she gets a very good time taking it all round, if she does have to run about now and again, and she gets all the tips—or most of 'em—and if there's a bit of anything going on she's in it, which is more than you or I can always say. And then she has Bill, you know."

"Yes, she has Bill," said Susan, with a highly indifferent air.

"If I didn't take up with James," continued Lucy Snowden, with an air of being very much above all personal considerations and entirely out of the running, "I don't know but what I'd as soon keep company with Bill Smith as anybody. I know Bill Smith is a young man what'll get on, he's a young man what's bound to get on."

"I suppose he is," said Susan, stirring her tea reflectively.

"You mark my words, Bill Smith will be in business for himself before two years is gone by, and he's that 'andsome he's like a wax figure." She gave vent to a portentous sigh which made it apparent that it was well for the redoubtable James that Mr. Bill Smith's affections were engaged elsewhere.

"And he's that silly about her," Susan said, still stirring her tea. "I am sure he comes here of a night and he asks her all sorts of the fondest questions, and he takes her snappy answers as meek and mild as anything."

"Well, perhaps he'll let her have it afterwards," said Lucy.

"And serves her very well right if he does," said Susan. "Ah, here she is!"

A moment later the girl of whom they had been speaking came quickly in, and took her place at the table.

"Oh, dear," she began, "Markham here, Markham there, Markham all over the shop, till Markham wishes her legs would drop off, and then she might sit down for a bit."

"Don't see the good of cutting off my nose to spite my face myself," said Susan, eyeing Ann Eliza critically. "What's up now?"

"Oh, it's Miss Freda's young man; *you* know—Sir James Staunton. I am sure I don't know what he can see in Miss Freda, but he is that gone on her, it is quite pitiable."

"You ought to have some sympathy with anybody that's gone on anybody," retorted Susan.

"Perhaps I ought, but you see, Susan, it's only them that hasn't anyone gone on 'em that feels any pity for them that is. And lor, if men do get gone on us, they do it to please themselves, of course they do. Take it all round, the men get a good time, and we women needn't worry ourselves about 'em. The less you do for them, the more they'll do for you. I'll thank you for another cup of tea, Susy."

"Will you have a bit of toast?" asked Lucy, "I'll make you a bit if you like."



"AS THE TWO WENT OUT"

"No, I don't care about toast, dear, a slice of bread and butter will do. I have got none too much time. There's a good bit to do upstairs to-night." She cut off a slice of bread, and having buttered it, helped herself to the jam, eating with a sound, healthy appetite, and with evident relish.

Susan looked at her with a certain amount of envy. "How you can eat great slices of bread and butter like that I don't know, Ann Eliza," she remarked a little spitefully.

"Because I am hungry," returned Ann Eliza, with serenity.

"I wonder you can be hungry with your waist all nipped in as it is."

"My waist ain't nipped in."

"Ain't it? What a pity it looks it then."

"However, if it is, it isn't you that'll suffer, that's all!" cried Ann Eliza, with a gay laugh.

"Do you expect Mr. Smith to-night?" asked Susy, discreetly changing the subject

"Oh, yes, I should think so," said Ann Eliza, carelessly. "I suppose he will be coming hanging round as usual."

Now, she was really excessively fond of Mr Smith, who was chief man to a neighbouring baker, and whose object was to set up in business for himself and to make Ann Eliza the mistress of his heart and home.

"Then, as there is no dinner to-night, you will be taking a little turn with him?" Susan suggested.

"No further than the top of the street," replied Ann Eliza. "Well, I must go. I've got no end to do. 'Pon my word, you two are lucky ones, able to sit here over your tea in comfort. Not that I grudge it to you—not that I grudge it to you;" and away she whisked out of the kitchen and up the stairs again.

"She looks pretty to-night," said Lucy, who was charitably disposed towards everyone.

"Pretty!" echoed Susan; "I don't know where you see it. She's about as fat as a match—and that horrid pale complexion. I do like a bit of colour myself."

"Ah, but she has sweet eyes."

"Yes, maybe she has sweet eyes, but if you were to put a bit of extra work on to her, she would look a washed-out rag. I don't know what Bill Smith can see in her."

"Ah, it's wonderful what anyone sees in anyone, or we in them," remarked Lucy.

"I am sure the way she speaks to that poor young man is perfectly shameful," Susan went on, "and him as 'andsome as a picture. It's always the same. You find a young feller that's a perfect dream, and he fixes his whole heart and soul on a girl who doesn't care twopence-halfpenny whether he loves her or whether he doesn't."

"Oh, she's awfully fond of him," put in Lucy.

"Well, she's got a very queer way of showing it, that's all I can say. I should never be surprised," Susan went on in a philosphical tone, "at anything that Ann Eliza might happen to do. I should never be surprised at anything. It's my opinion she's an awful sly, heartless lot."

"Oh, come now!"

"Yes, I mean it. I like her well enough, I get on with her well enough, but she always seems to me so sly, as if there was something at the background. I don't like them people that's got something in the background. The way she speaks of Sir Thomas! As if he was aught to her."

"He gave her a sovereign yesterday, anyway."

"And there wasn't no occasion," declared Susan spitefully, "I am sure Missis would be the first to say so."

"Oh, I don't know. Missis thinks a deal about Ann Eliza, and as she has been here for over two years I think she has every right to. However, I must go," said Lucy, "I have got to see to the young ladies' things, so ta-ta!"

About an hour later the lady of the house, with her two daughters, went off in the carriage to their dinner party, and then the three young women left behind had very little to do before they might consider themselves free for the rest of the evening. But before Ann Eliza, or Markham, as she was called in the society portion of the household, had finished her duties, a manly figure descended the area steps and knocked at the kitchen entrance.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Smith?" said Susan, as she opened the door. "Yes, Ann Eliza *is* in, but she's busy upstairs just now. Pray come in and sit you down."

"Thank you, Miss Rickman," he replied, "thank you. It's a fine evening, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's been a delightful day," said Susan Rickman, sitting down in the big armchair opposite to him and leaning her head upon her hand in a languishing manner, which she believed to be a copy from the very best society. "For them that's able to get outside the door to enjoy it, that is. You will take a bit of supper with us, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, thank you kindly, Miss Rickman, I have no objection."

"I will give you some cakes of my own baking, Mr. Smith. I don't say but what you might get the better of me in the way of bread, but as far as small cakes

go I think I can hold my own with anybody. Ann Eliza said you would be going out as far as the top of the road."

"Oh, did she?" said Mr. Smith, vaguely.

"She did. We have supper at nine, you know, so, perhaps, you will be back in time for it. Oh, here's Ann Eliza herself Mr. Smith!"

Ann Eliza came into the room, a tall, slim, pale-faced girl with a pair of wonderful luminous eyes and a radiant expression.

"Why, Bill," she said, "you are sooner than I expected you."

"I am a bit early," said he, "and Miss Rickman has been kind enough to ask me to come back and have a bit of supper."



"IN TEARS LIKE A CHILD"

"Now that's real kind of you, Susy," said Ann Eliza. "Then I'll put my hat on, Bill, and we'll take a little stroll together before it's dim."

As the two went out by the area steps together, Susan Rickman stood at the window watching them, and then she sat down, thumping her elbow hard upon the table which stood beneath the window, and gnawing impatiently at her little finger with her strong, white teeth. "To think of him being wasted on such a thing as that," she muttered, under her breath, presently; "a thing what's got no more idea of cooking or anything, except waiting at table, and sewing, and suchlike. Ah, how queer things do fall out in this world. On my word they do. Just my luck that I never saw him until he was promised to her."

It happened a week later than this that there was a great commotion in the Annesley household, for Freda Annesley had missed one of the most valuable presents which her *fiancé*, Sir Thomas Staunton, had given her. It was a diamond brooch in the form of a bird, which spread outstretched wings and carried in its beak a heart made of rubies. It had been the first thing he had given her after her engagement ring, and, as such, she valued it even more than for its real value. The brooch was gone. She had worn it the previous afternoon, had taken it off when dressing for dinner and put it away in its case because she was wearing that evening a light blue dress, and did not think that the heart of rubies would go well with it. She had come home from some party, had chatted a little to her sister, and had

gone to bed in the usual course, and the following day when she wished to wear the brooch again it was not anywhere to be found. The case was there, oh yes, but it was empty. Miss Freda told her mother and her mother promptly sent for the police, and as promptly the police proceeded to search the house. Of course the four servants, Susan, Lucy, Ann Eliza, together with the indoor servant, James, were examined and questioned. Ann Eliza said at once that she had seen Miss Freda take the brooch off, and put it away in its case. She had not opened the case when tidying up her young mistress's toilet-table for the evening, but to the best of her belief it had remained there; at all events, she had had no cause to suspect that it had been removed. Susan knew nothing. She had not been out of her kitchen, and, indeed, it was not her wont to go into any of the bedrooms excepting her own. Lucy spoke positively to the fact that she had never been in Miss Freda's room at all except during such time as Ann Eliza was there also. James knew nothing whatever, and looked it. But in the course of the search which was made by the police, the little heart of rubies was discovered in Ann Eliza's bedroom. The brooch was not to be found anywhere, although the house was ransacked from roof to cellar; but the heart of rubies which hung pendant from a ring to a hook in the beak of the bird was there, a damning piece of evidence before which Ann Eliza paled and trembled, and to account for which she could give no explanation except to reiterate passionately, and with tears, that it had not been placed there by her hands. Well, you know most people who commit murders and other crimes declare stoutly from first to last that they are innocent, declare it in the face of the most overwhelming evidence to the contrary, so nobody took much notice of Ann Eliza's protestations, and she was taken off to the nearest police station in a cab, and promptly clapped into prison.

It was a dreadful time, not only for Ann Eliza, but for those whom she had left behind. Susan Rickman and Lucy discussed the subject with bated breath, and Bill Smith came and heard the dreadful news and sat—though he stood nearly six feet high—dissolved in tears like a child.

"Do you think she could have done it, Miss Rickman?" he asked, miserably, after a time.

"Nay, now, you mustn't ask me that, Mr. Smith," said Susan, putting her hand up as if to thrust the very idea away from her mind. "I only tell you the bare facts, that the ruby heart was found in Ann Eliza's bedroom—which she had to herself, because me and Lucy shares one—and the diamond brooch is nowhere to be found, though it's been hunted for high and low. The police have taken her away, and more than that, Mr. Smith, I cannot tell you. All I can say is time will show. Missis is perfectly cut up about it. Missis says she would trust Ann Eliza with her very life, and Miss Freda says she don't believe Ann Eliza took it, or would have dreamt of taking it, when there was many things so much more valuable that she might have taken just as easily; but there's the fact that the heart was found in Ann Eliza's bedroom and the bird is nowhere to be seen."

And then Bill Smith broke down and cried again, and Susan Rickman suggested that he should have a bit of supper so as to keep his heart up.

Well, such a story is soon told. I need not go into all the details of the case from first to last; it is enough to say that the result may be summed up in four words: "Eighteen months' hard labour!" And after that, somehow, Bill Smith got into the way of going round to No. 19, Dellamere Road to be comforted in his trouble by Susan Rickman, and the result of that proceeding was that she soon, though with some show of reluctance, consented to comfort him altogether.

"But what will Ann Eliza say when she comes out—out of—*there?*" she asked, when he told her that he was about to set up for himself and proposed that she should leave her place about the same time.

"Susan," said he, "do you think that I am going to marry a convicted thief?"

"But you were fond of her," said Susan.

"I was fond of her—I was more than fond of her, I worshipped the very ground she walked on—I—*loved* that girl."

"You don't love her now?" said Susan.

"I am not going to marry a thief," said Bill Smith, who, if the truth be told, loved Ann Eliza just as much as ever he had done. "It's asking you to take another woman's leavings, or it amounts to the same thing, but if you consent I will be true to you, so help me God I will!"

And Susan took him.

They were married, and started business together on his savings and hers in a smart little shop and bakery in that part of London which is called South Belgravia. They had everything to make them happy. Business flourished, and in due time their union was consummated by the arrival of a little child. Susan flourished amazingly under the new system. She waxed fat, and already more than bore out the promise of her younger days, that age and flesh would not tend to improve her looks, but she was a good and capable wife, and if somewhat inclined to be jealous, why Bill Smith was steady-going and a good fellow and gave her no cause for anxiety on that score. She never knew whether his thoughts turned back sometimes to the tall, slim, pale-faced girl, with the wonderful eyes, who had been his first love, the girl whose frailty had been her ruin. She never knew, but there were hours when her remarks, and even her endearments, seemed to glance off his soul as harmlessly as a shower of spray beats against a rock-bound coast. There were times when Susan felt that he was not hers, and yet, for the life and soul of her, she dared not have asked him whether Ann Eliza still kept a sacred niche in his heart into which none other might dare to enter.

You know, the life of a baker is not altogether an easy one; he rises early and must take late rest, his holidays are few and far between, and his debts are just the opposite; but Bill Smith from the first went steadily and stolidly upon his upright way, rising betimes to work in the hot bakehouse, twice a day going the rounds with a cart, and in the evening, as regularly as clockwork, he was to be found in the bakehouse again, engage in a process which is known, technically, as "setting the sponge"; so when he came in from his second round it was his regular habit to go upstairs and lie down for an hour or so until it was time for tea. Most bakers on their own account get some respite of this kind, or human nature would not be able to hold out, and Susan, who was, as I have said, a devoted wife, always made a point of encouraging her husband in this habit.

Well, it happened one dull February day that Bill Smith, being somewhat more tired than usual, had departed for his afternoon rest before the gas was lighted in the shop or in the street. The shop door was closed, for no customers were there just then; indeed, it was the one idle time of the day. The little parlour beyond the shop, with its glass door of communication neatly curtained with white muslin, was brightly lighted by the ruddy glow of a good fire and a lamp with a porcelain shade. Susan, Mrs. Smith, sat sewing by the table; a yard or so away was a baby lying asleep in the cradle, a baby that was soon to be ousted from that comfortable coign of vantage to make room for another one. Mrs. Smith looked very comely and very matronly as she sat there in the bright glow of fire and lamp. She was fashioning a little garment with deft and skilful fingers, but her thoughts were not with it; her thoughts had slipped partly back into the past and were partly in the present. "I wonder——" she began to herself, when a tinkle of a bell told her that a customer had come into the shop. She got up, put down her work, and went through the door to see what was wanted. A tall young woman was standing with her back to her; a tall, slight figure which had something familiar about it, and yet something wholly strange.

"I want a couple of buns," she said, half turning from the window, "those buns—the penny ones."

"Why, Ann Eliza!" faltered Susan, staring at her.

The tall girl turned round with a start. "Do you know me? Why, it's Susan Rickman! What, have you left Dellamere Road, and you are married? I wouldn't have come if I had known."

"Oh, no, don't say that," said Susan, "don't say that. I—I—was very sorry."

"Yes? Were you? I am glad someone was sorry for me. So you are married? And are you happy?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Susan.

"I am glad of that too. Is he—is he a good fellow? He is a baker, too."

"Ann Eliza," breathed Bill Smith's wife, "I don't know how to tell you—I—I married *him*."

For a moment there was a chilled silence between them.

"You married—Bill Smith?"

"Yes."

"Then he—believed it!"

"I am afraid he did," said Susan.

"Ah, well, if he believed it he was right not to wait for me. I scarcely expected it—and yet—and yet—I would have waited for him if I *knew* that he had committed every crime under the sun!"

"You will come in?" said Susan.

"Oh, no—*no*—*no*. Give me my buns. I want to taste something different to what I have had lately. I only came out to-day. Look at me. I used to be proud of my hair, it came down to my knees then. I used to be proud of my hands, look at them now!" stretching them out despairingly. "I used to be proud of them—but there, what's the good of crying over it? Give me my buns and let me go. I don't want to see him."

"You won't see him," said Susan half-eagerly, "you won't see him. He is lying down, he always does at this time of the day, he won't be down for an hour or more. It is quite safe. I would like you to see my baby. Wouldn't you like to?"

"Yes, I will come and look at it."

She followed Susan into the cosy little parlour, turned her sad eyes round the homely little bits of decoration, noted the homely luxuries, saw the air of prosperity which overspread everything, aye, and went and looked at that soft pink and white atom of humanity—*his* child and the child of another woman!



"SHRINKING BEFORE HER"

"Well, I wish you joy, Susan, I wish you joy. It's a good thing when folks are able to forget. I am glad he doesn't remember me any more."

An angry throb shot through the wife's heart, for she knew that he had *not* forgotten, that he *did* remember, that there were times when he still yearned for the woman whose image he had so resolutely thrust out of his heart.

"It seems queer," Ann Eliza went on, turning from the cradle and looking down upon the table, "to see the things you used to have in Dellamere Road here in your own home. How well I remember that workbox! I gave it to you on your birthday, didn't I?"

"You did," said Susan, paling visibly and shrinking before the still luminous and wonderful eyes of her visitor.

"It used to have a little secret drawer," Ann Eliza went on, "just under that knob."

She laid her finger on a knob just within the open workbox and pressed it, on which a little drawer sprung out, disclosing something which glittered strangely in the brilliant lamplight. There was dead silence.

"Susan Rickman," said Ann Eliza at last, laying a chilled hand upon the one which Bill's wife had involuntarily stretched out as if to guard her secret, "I have found you out! I have found you out! *You* took it; *you* set a trap to catch me; *you* laid your plans to get my lover from me. *You* won all along the line, and *I*—oh, God! I suffered hell itself. And you are sitting in *my* place—*my* lover's wife, *my* child's mother. Oh, what shall I do to you?"

The two stood and stared at one another: one tall, pale, stamped with the indelible mark of unjust suffering; the other fat, prosperous, sleek, well-cared-for, and—the only pathetic touch about her—a woman with child. They were still standing there when a voice sounded from the stairs above:—

"Susan, darling, can you come up a minute?"

The wife raised her head; the outcast shuddered. She was still holding the diamond bird in her hand, when an awful flood of recollection overwhelmed her. The wife moved to the door.

"I will come. Wait a minute," she gasped. Then she turned back to the other one. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

Again that convulsive shudder seized upon the outcast.

"I am going to do nothing. My life is ended—ruined. Nothing can give me back the place I once had. You got him from me—keep him, keep him. I am ruined, but I am honest still; too honest to want a man who wouldn't stick to me!" She flung the pretty jewel which she held right into the heart of the fiercely-blazing fire. "There," she said, "I have done with it all now. Good-bye!" and then she turned and went out into the murky February gloom—*alone and outcast.*


Mrs BRITANNIA as LADY MACBETH (tired out) TO GOVERNMENT—
"STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING,
BUT GO AT ONCE!" Act III. Sc IV.
DIOGENES (J. BULL)
to ALEXANDER THE GREAT (Sir W. H—)
"Get out of my light!"
LIBERAL PARTY
"The stupidity of the Liberal Party in choosing a Peer as their leader is now evident."
Daily Democrat
L^d R— as Saul, looking for his father's asses, and lo! he has found them Peers


"WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT"
UP-TO-DATE VERSION of THE DUEL SCENE IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."
ACT III. Sc. IV.
AT A PRIMROSE LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT
Mr. Asquith Bardolph M.P.
as the Lion Comique
Mr. C. Dalrymple M.C.M.P.
as the Stout Man
Supporting Constitution
GUP
Mr. Chamberlain as Macbeth.
"Is this a Caucus which I see before me?
Come, let me clutch thee!"
Latest edition.
Act II. Sc. I.
PREMIER



By GUY CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

BITTER REGRETS.

JOHN WESTON was a rising young barrister. In this branch of the legal profession the term young ordinarily means any age between forty and sixty or so, but John Weston was really a young man, he was not yet twenty-eight years of age, barely seven years older than an infant in the eyes of the law. He had made his mark, too, and many a learned brother, old enough to be his father, envied him the position he had so fortunately gained.

Several happy circumstances had combined to favour him. Shortly after he was called to the Bar he had been able to do a personal service of some value for the great Thomas Williams, Q.C., M.P. The intimacy, thus commenced, soon grew into strong friendship, and when Mr. Williams found that his young friend was a hard-working, plodding fellow he threw his ample mantle over him, and so John Weston came in for some of the legal crumbs that fell so profusely around the celebrated lawyer's chambers. In legal parlance, John "devilled" for Mr. Williams, and very profitable he found the occupation.

Mr. Thomas Williams was a coming man in the political world as well as a bright light in the courts of law, and when the Parliamentary party whose cause he championed was returned at the General Election, Thomas Williams, Q.C., M.P., was offered the office of Solicitor-General, together with the honour of knighthood, which he duly accepted.

Some of the glory and success of his senior was naturally reflected on to John Weston, and his work became, in consequence, harder, but at the same time more remunerative than ever.

Yes, John was undoubtedly a fortunate fellow. Not yet twenty-eight; his foot well on the ladder of success and all the future before him. No wonder all his brother barristers spoke of him as that lucky devil, Weston.

At the period when this narrative opens, John was sitting in his chambers alone. That is, alone with his thoughts. A bitter wind was blowing the drenching rain against the casements of the windows but he heeded it not. He was laying back in his well-worn easy-chair, gazing into the glowing embers that spluttered and gushed in the grate, whilst he puffed and puffed at the pipe held firmly

between his strong teeth, which had gone out while his mind was roving. A heavy bundle of papers tied round with red tape lay on his knees, showing that he had but recently given up their perusal, but it was not of these he was thinking.

"Cherchez la femme" is a hackneyed French proverb, but it is one which more frequently comes nearer the truth than many similar sayings.

John's thoughts were now far away in the south of England, centering themselves round a young girl with bright auburn air and dark violet eyes, that John thought the sweetest hair and eyes that this world contained.

With a sigh John brought himself back to actualities, and refilling his pipe, he moved to his desk to finish his work before retiring to bed.

Although success had come thus early to John Weston, he had done his best to deserve it. He had set himself to master his profession, and had not spared the midnight oil, so that when his chance came he was able to seize and retain it.

John was an orphan from his babyhood, and had been brought up by his guardian, Sir Philip Manning. Sir Philip was a bachelor, and John's childhood and younger days had been passed at his guardian's country house at Manningdene, near Tunbridge Wells.

It was rumoured that Philip Manning, when a young man, had been crossed in love; whatever truth there may have been in this, it was very evident that the fair sex had no attraction for him, for, beyond his brother's wife and his niece, he never had any lady visitors at his house.

When John Weston left Cambridge he had just attained his majority, and Sir Philip, with characteristic promptitude, gave his ward to understand that in future he was master of his own fortunes. The relations between the two had always been of the most happy description, and many who knew them looked forward to seeing the younger man inherit whatever personal property the Baronet had to leave when he died. The title and estate, of course, would go to Sir Philip's brother Wilfred, the next heir. The two brothers were but lukewarm friends, and had little in sympathy between them. Philip had succeeded his father to Manningdene and the baronetcy, whilst Wilfred had inherited the bulk of his mother's fortune, and was a richer man than his brother. There was no cordiality between the two, and as the years rolled by they met less and less. Mrs. Wilfred and Violet, however, were frequent visitors to Manningdene, and usually spent several of the summer months with Sir Philip, and on these occasions Wilfred took the opportunity to renew his acquaintance with Paris or Hamburg, declaring that life at his brother's quiet country house was too much for him.

It was during these visits that John Weston and Violet Manning met as children, and played together in the old-fashioned privet-hedged gardens of the Dene.

John Weston was too proud to ask Violet to be his wife until he had won a position worthy of her. When he came of age Sir Philip had called him into his study.

"Jack, my boy," the Baronet commenced, when the younger man was seated, "to-day you arrive at man's estate and my authority over you ceases. This, I know, will make no difference in our friendship, and the Dene will always remain your home."

For awhile Sir Philip paused and passed his hand over his brow as though arranging his next words, then he continued:

"You have on former occasions desired me to inform you of your father and mother, and I have promised to do so on this your twenty-first birthday."

"Yes," said John, almost eagerly. "I have obeyed your wishes to refrain from asking for particulars of my parentage, but I need scarcely say how anxious I am to hear all you can tell me."

"It's a sad story, Jack," answered the Baronet, "and I doubt if you will be the happier for knowing what I am about to tell you.

"Your mother was a very pretty woman, and when she married your father she was earning her living as a concert singer. She had a lovely voice and would, it was prophesied, in a few years be in the front rank of her profession.

"After their honeymoon your father took a charming country house at Gorham, near Reading; it was a lovely spot but there were few neighbours. For the first year of their marriage they lived together happily enough, then your mother began to long for the busy life and applause she had enjoyed before her marriage. Your father was a studious man; you take after him in this respect, John, although you resemble your mother in your looks; he cared little for the gay world and somewhat frivolous society which his wife yearned for, and at first they had several bitter quarrels on these points.

"Neither would give way, and each month widened the gulf that was growing up between them. The crisis came in a short time when your mother announced her intention of renewing her singing. Your father absolutely forbade her carrying out this design, but she persisted in her determination and in a few days your father read the announcement, advertised in the daily papers, that Miss May Vane was to sing at a forthcoming concert.



"'DO YOU MEAN SHE RAN AWAY?'

"This was your mother's maiden name, and he could scarcely believe that he read aright. He was a proud, sensitive man, and the estrangement that had grown up between himself and his wife was slowly chilling his heart and driving him more and more into his beloved studies.

"The next time husband and wife met their recrimination ended in a bitter quarrel, and your mother the next day packed up her personal belongings and left her home."

"Do you mean she ran away?" asked Jack, as his guardian paused in his narrative.

"No, my boy, she went quite openly. Before she left the house she wrote a letter to your father, wherein she stated her reasons for leaving him and giving her address—the same she had lived at before she had married. We need not discuss which was right or which was wrong," went on Sir Philip. "Your father's selfish love of solitude, his unbending pride and disregard of his wife's natural aspirations for society, all kept him from admitting his own wrong, and he let her go without a word.

"In a little while May Vane's voice was the topic of conversation in the musical world. The public flocked to hear her sing whenever she was announced,

for the prophets had foretold truly, and her voice was now more beautiful than ever. Then some scurrilous so-called society paper started the rumour that the celebrated young soprano, Miss May Vane, had left her husband, who was about to seek relief from his fickle spouse in the Divorce Courts, and that a well-known scion of nobility would figure as a party in the proceedings. Now, as a rule, those most nearly interested in such reports frequently hear them last; but in this case the paragraph was copied into the local paper, and your father read it within three days of its first publication.

"I am relating these happenings, Jack, in the sequence in which they occurred," explained Sir Philip; "and so 'the dead past may bury its dead,' I shall keep the details as short as possible.

"Your father took the next train for London and went direct to your mother's address. It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he arrived, and among the several visitors who were there was the man whose name had been coupled with his wife's. He had entered the drawing-room unannounced, for he had simply asked the servant who had admitted him if Mrs. Weston was at home, and had no thought that others might be with her. Your mother introduced her husband to her friends, who, as soon as they conveniently could, took their departure. When they were alone your father produced the page of the journal which had brought him to town.

"'Have you seen that?' he began, holding out the slip of paper.

"'Yes,' answered his wife.

"'What does it mean, then?' he asked angrily. 'Is this thing true?'

"Then your mother burst into a torrent of passionate reproaches at his daring to think she was guilty of the facts hinted at, and your father made matters worse by demanding a categorical denial from her, whereon his wife insisted on his leaving her rooms, and she quitted the apartment.

"Your father returned to his solitary home, and a week later he received a telegram announcing that you were born and that your mother was dying. The hand of death was on your poor mother when he arrived; but he was in time to soothe her last hours, and she passed away in his arms.

"After your mother's death your father left you in charge of your mother's old nurse, appointing myself as your guardian; and then he sold up all his belongings and went abroad. From that day to this your father, John Weston, after whom you are named, has never been seen. For two or three years your nurse received occasional letters from him from various distant parts of the globe, then these failed, and for years he has been given up for dead.

"The provision made for you by your father amounts now to two hundred pounds a year, and the capital is at your disposal, Jack, whenever you desire it. And so my guardianship comes to an end."

So Jack Weston now knew the unhappy result of his parents' marriage, and raising his bowed head from his hands, he walked to the window to hide the emotion which the story had evoked. Then he turned after awhile to his guardian and held out his hand whilst he thanked him for all his goodness to him. The elder man was visibly affected by Jack's emotion and thanks, and returned the latter's handshake with fervour.

CHAPTER II.

LIKE FATHER AND SON.

THREE years after the eventful day when John learnt the history of his parents' lives he was called to the Bar, and commenced the hard and laborious life of one who means to succeed in that profession. The summer vacation known as the "Long" had already run some weeks before Jack packed up his books and made ready to take a much needed rest. Usually he spent most of his leisure

time at the Dene, but Sir Philip was gone north to Scotland to escape the summer heat, so Jack determined to spend his two or three weeks amongst the Fjords and mountains of Norway. He had written Sir Philip as to where he was going, and had received a reply wishing him a pleasant voyage and desiring him to come on to the Dene for the remainder of his holiday when he returned.

The three weeks had run into four before he got back to Bergen to catch the steamer for England. Here he found several letters waiting for him, amongst them a telegram. Opening the latter first he was grieved to find it was from Manningdene. There was no name to it, but the contents informed him that Sir Philip was dangerously ill and desired to see him at once. The telegram had been despatched ten days previously.

Hastily he ran through his letters and found one with the Manningdene postmark. It was from Violet Manning. "Uncle Philip has had an apoplectic fit," she wrote; "mother and I were fortunately staying here and father came down yesterday. When uncle recovered consciousness he asked us to telegraph you at Bergen to return at once. The doctor says he is in great danger and hardly hopes for his recovery."



"'OH, JACK, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK'"

Fortunately Jack's steamer sailed that evening, and he sent off a telegram stating he had only just received the telegram and letter and was sailing that night from Norway.

As he drove up the avenue he saw that the blinds at the house were all drawn, and fearing he had arrived too late he ran up the entrance steps, eager to know how his guardian fared.

The grave face of the butler answered the question ere it passed his lips. "Sir Philip passed away three hours ago," said the man; "he had been unconscious for the last two days and did not know your telegram had arrived. Sir Wilfred and the family are in the drawing-room," the butler continued.

"Say I've arrived, Andrews," said Jack, "and will be down in a few minutes."

As Jack went slowly and mournfully up the grand old staircase to his room, Violet Manning almost ran into his arms.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you're back again, although you're too late to see dear uncle, and he so longed to see you."

She had given him her hand as she met him, and together they walked into the dead man's study. Here she appeared to recognise that he still held her hand

in his and gently withdrew it. Then Jack listened whilst she related the incidents of his guardian's illness and death.

"Uncle returned from Scotland seemingly in the best of health," Violet commenced; "he wrote mother from Lockerbie asking us to come and spend several weeks at the Dene. We came down the following week, and Uncle Philip drove us himself from the station; he was in capital spirits, and looked so well and jolly that we both remarked how bonnie he was. The next few days were very hot, and you know how the heat affected him. Each day seemed more oppressive than the former, and the day he was stricken was almost unbearable. We were all sitting in the shade of the great yew tree in the afternoon, when poor uncle said he would go in and have a nap, as he felt so tired. The next we heard was from Andrews some two hours later, when he came out hurriedly to where we still sat. 'Master's very ill, ma'am,' he exclaimed. 'He's had a fit of some kind. I have just found him on the floor of his study, where he was lying all of a heap, quite unconscious.' Andrews had laid him on his bed, and loosened his clothes, and sent one of the men for a doctor as he came to tell us.

"Of course, we ran up-stairs as quickly as we could, and mother and I did all we could to bring him round before the doctor arrived, but it was not till afternoon of next day that he opened his eyes, and recognised us. He couldn't speak then, but he seemed to want something or someone. Doctor Standish had told us at first that uncle would scarcely live more than two or three days, but he had telegraphed to London for a specialist. The new doctor was with us when uncle recovered. 'Are all the members of the family here?' asked Dr. Percival, watching uncle's wandering glance. 'No, my husband Mr. Wilfred Manning has not arrived yet, he will be here to-morrow,' mother answered. 'Is there no other member of the family away?' 'There's Jack,' I whispered to mother. 'Yes, there is Mr. Jack Weston,' added mother aloud. 'That's the one,' said the doctor; then going up to uncle's side, he asked him if he wished you to be sent for. There was no mistaking uncle's desire in answer to this question, for although he could not utter a word his eyes gave a most eloquent affirmative, so we at once sent off the telegram to you."

"Did Sir Philip say afterwards why he wished to see me so urgently?" asked Jack.

"No, Jack, the doctors absolutely forbade him to talk for several days, and it was not until Dr. Percival was convinced that uncle could not recover that he allowed father to have a short conversation with him. This morning a little while before he died we were allowed to see him to bid him a last farewell," Violet continued while the tears ran down her cheeks, "and as I kissed him he bade me in a whisper to give his dear love to you, and then I could restrain my grief no longer and left the room."

"I am sorely grieved I came too late," Jack answered, sorrowfully. "I would have given anything to have been with him at the end. We were more like father and son; indeed, more than many fathers and sons are to each other. He was verily father and mother to me. God bless him."

Violet was sobbing mutely on the sofa as Jack spoke, and seating himself beside her he gently tried to comfort the grief which the recalling of her dead uncle had evoked. Jack then went to refresh himself from his journey and afterwards returned to the study, and Violet and he went down to her father and mother.

CHAPTER III.

VIOLET'S LOVE.

If John Weston had seized the opportunity of telling Violet of his love during the week he stayed on at the Dene after Sir Philip's funeral, it is probable that he would have saved himself many years of sorrow. But his stubborn pride, although he did not admit it by that name, would not allow him to do so. He went away

and left her without a word of love passing his lips. Violet partly expected, half-hoped, half-feared the avowal which she thought she read in his eyes. But he made no sign, and so he left her.

He returned to his chambers in the great city to read and work more arduously than ever for that position which, when attained, would come too late. He soothed his pride with the thought that when his name was heard amongst his fellows and fortune had come to him, he could lay them at her feet. Now he was unknown and poor, whilst she was further removed from him than ever, heiress as she was to the estate of Manningdene.

Violet was more than half in love with Jack, but his silence checked her growing affection and froze it up as the bitter winds of spring nip the tender, half-formed buds.

Le roi est mort, Vive le roi! Sir Philip was dead and Sir Wilfred reigned in his stead; the dead man left no will, at least the family solicitor knew of none, neither was one found amongst his papers; so his brother Wilfred came into the estate and personality.

The excitement of moving into their new home, and the disposal of their household gods, naturally had some effect in keeping Violet's mind from dwelling too deeply on the death of her uncle, between whom and herself there had existed sincere affection. The defection of Jack Weston at first raised a feeling of contempt against herself in Violet's gentle breast. He had evidently not cared for her in the way she thought; she had gone almost half-way in giving him her love unasked.

As time went on, and the new duties of her present life engaged her time, her liking for him gradually grew like a dim memory, and was presently effaced by a new image.

The new family at the Dene were not allowed to continue the recluse life of the late Baronet. The neighbours soon found out that Lady Manning and her daughter were an acquisition to their county, and after the first period of mourning had expired Violet was in great request at all their social gatherings.

It was at a tennis party at Lovering Park that Violet first met Harold Houston. He was a striking looking man, dark-haired and bearded, and although nearly forty-five years of age, no tinge of grey showed amongst his raven locks.

Mr. Houston had met the Loverings in Paris, and had so ingratiated himself with them that he had received an invitation to visit them at their country home when next he was in England. He had travelled through most of the known countries of the world. He was a collector of curios, he explained, and he told many romantic and extraordinary stories of the numerous objects he had secured. Mr. Houston and Violet were drawn as partners for the tennis tournament which had been arranged for that afternoon, and it was greatly owing to his dashing and skilful play that Violet and her partner were ultimately declared the winners. The prize won by Violet was a beautiful little diamond-studded bracelet, whilst her partner secured the gentleman's prize, a silver cigarette case.

During the intervals between the various sets Harold Houston had devoted himself to Violet, and the deferential gallantry and brilliant conversation of her cavalier, added to the simple pleasure of winning the tournament, gained him a high position in her favour. They met again and again during the next few weeks, and each time Mr. Houston was her devoted but unassuming cavalier. Violet's mother presently remarked the growing friendship between them, and after talking the possible result over with Sir Wilfred, she called on Mrs. Lovering to ascertain the status and credentials of Mr. Houston.

These appeared to be all that could be desired. Harold Houston was the younger son of the late William Houston, of Carlton, in Yorkshire, the great colliery proprietor and landowner—and, as to his means, said Mrs. Lovering, "Why, he had a suite of rooms in Paris that a prince might of envied."

So Lady Manning, satisfied with her mission, let events take their course and waited expectantly for Violet to come to her and confess that Harold Houston had asked her to be his wife.

That afternoon Violet returned from her ride in the most joyous spirits. The party had been for a long scamper across the breezy downs, and Mr. Houston had formed one of the party. She kissed her mother with even more warmth than usual that night when she retired.

"I am glad you have had such a pleasant day, dearest," said her mother, patting her head.



"HAROLD HOUSTON DEVOTED HIMSELF TO VIOLET"

"It's been delightful, mother dear," answered Violet, kissing her again. "I will tell you all about it to-morrow; I'm so tired to night."

A wise man has said that to-morrow never comes. What the to-morrow revealed was very different to what Lady Manning had expected.

Violet was down rather later than her customary time to breakfast, with the result that the meal was somewhat later than usual. They had scarcely finished when the servant announced that Mrs. Lovering had driven over and desired to see Lady Manning at once. The two ladies were together some time in the drawing-room and when her visitor left Lady Manning went straight to Violet's room. That something serious had occurred was very evident from the sad expression which clouded her usually happy face.

"Violet, my dear, I want you," said her mother, as she entered the room.

"Why, mother dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed Violet, as she saw the sorrowful look on her mother's face.

Seating herself on the ottoman and drawing Violet down beside her, Lady Manning began.

"Violet, my darling, I am afraid I am the bearer of sad news."

Violet opened her eyes in surprise at this strange beginning of her mother's speech.

Then her mother continued.

"I have fancied that during the past few weeks there has been a growing intimacy between you and Mr. Houston."

Her daughter blushed vividly at these words, but her eyes never flinched in their gaze at her mother's face. The next question, however, startled her into speech.

"Has he asked you to be his wife, Violet?"

"No mother; not yet," Violet gasped.

"Thank God for that!" said Lady Manning, reverently.

"Mother dearest, what can you mean?" whispered poor Violet, as she felt that some great calamity was impending over her.

"You know, darling," went on Violet's mother, "that Mr. Houston first came into the neighbourhood here through the introduction of the Loverings. When Mrs. Lovering called this morning it was to inform me that they had a very unpleasant occurrence at their house this morning."

Violet could not utter a word, her tongue seemed to cleave to her mouth and refused to articulate the words she desired to speak.

Her mother saw the immense strain her explanation was producing and determined the least painful way was to bring out her news without further circumlocution.

"Now, my darling child, you must be brave, and I will tell you the worst at once. Mr. Houston has been arrested for forgery."

CHAPTER IV.

WILFRED MANNING'S MESSAGE.

YES, it was too true, Harold Houston had been arrested for forgery that morning.

The extent of his misdeeds did not come out until the trial took place later on, but there was no doubt as to his guilt. He had been carrying on the game for some time, and by great skill and ingenuity he had obtained large sums of money on forged bills. His procedure was fully related when he stood in the felon's dock charged with his crime.

It soon transpired that the story of his relationship to the rich colliery owner of Carlton was also a pure fabrication. For some time Violet was stricken sorely at the perfidy of the man she had looked up to with such esteem. That she cared for him only too well she was fain to admit to her mother in the first anguish of her sad awakening, but womanlike she still clung to the hope that he would clear himself from the horrible charges which were brought against him.

She apathetically accompanied her mother to Brighton, as Lady Manning thought a change of scene might wean her memory from dwelling on the trouble which had come upon her darling child. But although in time Violet grew more tranquil, the joyousness of life seemed to have departed from her never to return. Then another sorrow fell upon them. They were summoned home by telegram. Sir Wilfred Manning had been thrown from his horse, and in the anxiety of this new trouble, and the necessity for nursing her father, and comforting her mother, Violet found little time for brooding over her former grief. For many weeks her father

hovered between life and death, and the doctors gave little hope of his ultimate recovery. The strain at last was more than Lady Manning could sustain, and Violet had another patient to look after. During most of his illness her father remained in an almost comatose condition, and was very rarely conscious, and as this continued, the doctors grew less and less hopeful. At last they informed poor Violet that her father's end was but a matter of a few hours. Then she never left his side less she should miss his last look of recognition if he regained consciousness, and so the dreadful hours dragged wearily on. One of the doctors was keeping watch with her whilst the nurse snatched a few hours sleep, and towards midnight the medical man pressed Violet to go and lay down, saying he would call her immediately there was any change. She, however, would not leave the room, but finally agreed to rest a little on the sofa at the foot of the bed.



"THE DYING MAN STRUGGLED HARD TO FINISH HIS SENTENCE"

Exhausted nature was then too strong for her, and the doctor presently saw that she had fallen into a deep sleep.

It was some hours later and the cold, grey dawn of a new day was struggling through the opening in the blinds and dimming the light of the shaded lamp. The stricken man moved slightly in his bed and the watchful doctor was at once beside him. Presently the patient's eyes opened and the doctor, true to his promise, stole softly over to the sofa and gently awoke the slumbering girl.

"Your father's conscious, my dear," he said, in a hushed voice.

Violet sprang up at once and quietly approached her father's side, laying her hand gently on his arm.

For a while he seemed not to notice them, then his eyes fell on Violet's face and memory struggled back into his vacant gaze. A few inarticulate sounds passed his lips and the doctor told Violet to stoop her head and listen if she could catch his meaning. The practised eye of the medical man recognised that his patient was fast passing away.

Then that wonderful power of mind over matter asserted itself, and Wilfred Manning, raising himself on one arm, exclaimed, "Tell—John Weston—that—his father—was——!" The dying man struggled hard to finish his sentence but the hand of death was on him, and after another effort his arm gave way and he fell back dead.

The doctor led Violet from the chamber of death and insisted on her going at once to bed.

What the dead man wished Violet to tell John Weston was never definitely known, but its probable purport was found out later on.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRIAL OF HAROLD HOUSTON.

THE arrest of Harold Houston was the one event of the moment which occupied all tongues in the society he had been so dramatically removed from. His late acquaintances were divided into two hostile camps: those who condemned him as guilty and those who still stubbornly asserted his innocence. Neither knew very much about the matter one way or the other, for very little had come out at the preliminary enquiry before the magistrate. But it made no difference, for do the majority of partisans know or understand the motives that govern their actions? The few may, but the many follow their likes or dislikes for this person or



"ALL EYES CENTERED ON HIM

that without troubling much about details. And thus it was that Mr. Houston even now had champions who believed in him.

He was not the son of the colliery owner, but he was the nephew—which was near enough—and no doubt Mrs. Lovering was mistaken in fancying he had called himself the son. Mrs. Lovering admitted she might have mixed the relationships up. In truth, she was glad to find he was a nephew even, as much perturbation of mind had come upon her at the thought that she had introduced a nameless, designing knave into the select centre which formed the country society in which she moved.

Of course, the attentions that Harold Houston had shown Violet had not gone unnoticed, but it was generally understood that nothing definite had been said, but the affair added another spice of interest in the coming trial.

The date for this was now rapidly drawing near. It was announced that Sir Thomas Williams, the Solicitor-General, would conduct the prosecution in person on behalf of the Crown, and the prisoner was to be defended by one of the most noted criminal lawyers of the day.

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when the day for the trial arrived.

Some of the residents of Manningdene, and these were the most ardent for or against the prisoner, had secured seats in court to see the trial through.

Mrs. Lovering, greatly to her dismay, had been summoned as a witness on behalf of the Crown.

When Harold Houston entered the dock all eyes centered on him, and those who had known him recognised at once that the anxiety of his position had greatly altered the once debonnair man of the world. His hair was now streaked with silver, and the lines of worry had planted themselves deeply in his bronzed countenance. John Weston was acting as Junior Counsel with Sir Thomas in the prosecution, and, strange to say, he had not heard a whisper as to the footing that the prisoner had stood on with regard to Violet Manning.

When Sir Thomas Williams rose to open the case for the prosecution it was noticed that prisoner bent forward, the more easily to catch the indictment as it fell from the lips of the celebrated counsel.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," commenced Sir Thomas in his deep, sonorous tones, "the prisoner, Harold Houston, is charged with the grave crime of forgery." Then turning to the jury, he continued, "You must dismiss from your minds, gentlemen, anything you may have heard or read touching on the case, and consider only the facts, which will now be laid before you, in your determination of this case. The prisoner at the bar is a man of some position, but this in my mind makes his offence the more condemnatory, should his guilt be proved, as I believe you will consider it to be when you have all the evidence before you which I am instructed to produce.

"For many years the prisoner has been in the habit of travelling in many parts of the world seeking for rich and valuable gems and curios. Thus he was employed by Messrs. Grives and Cricke, the well-known dealers in antiquities and objects of art of the City of London. For some years he seems to have conducted his business in an upright and honest manner, but latterly he broke off his connection with the firm who had so far employed him, and worked for himself.

"To this end he approached at various times several of the clients or customers of his old employers, and sold to them the articles which he had to dispose of. Of course, there was nothing wrong or criminal in his so doing, and had he kept to his legitimate business he would not now stand where he does. In the course of these transactions, however, several of the gentlemen to whom he had sold some of these articles, had paid for them by bills or acceptances. The prisoner thus became aware of these gentlemen's signatures and the names of their bankers, and it is my duty to prove to you that the prisoner made use of his knowledge by forging and discounting spurious bills purporting to be signed by these persons and appropriating the money he received to his own use.

"By an ingenious system of fraud the prisoner kept these operations going for some time, and it was only by a trifling oversight on his part that detection ensued.

"Now, gentlemen, I will explain to you the *modus operandi* of how these bills were operated. The prisoner Houston had two banking accounts at different banks, one in his own proper name, and the other under an alias, the name he used being H. Stonehouse. To make his method clear, I will take these two acceptances, one is drawn by the prisoner for four hundred and twenty pounds, which is, as you may calculate, four hundred guineas, and is accepted by Lord Butlor, and payable at his lordship's bankers, Long and Co.

"This is a genuine bill, not a forgery," said Sir Thomas, waving the document before him, "and the prisoner got his bank to discount it, which they readily did, bearing as it did the signature of a wealthy man like Lord Butlor. This second bill is also an honest one for three hundred and seventy-five pounds, accepted by Mr. Wallace Purdie, another gentleman of means, and the prisoner's bankers also discounted this. We now see that Houston had to his credit account just on eight hundred pounds, the proceeds of these two acceptances. Other *bonâ fide* bills also

came into his possession, but for the present I will confine my remarks, gentlemen' to these two.

"And now I come to the first forgery of which we have proof. Lord Butlor's acceptance was due at three months' date, and shortly after this time the prisoner's banking account was pretty low; in fact, his pass-book shows he had only three pounds to his credit; then he presented a second three months' bill to his bankers for discount; this was for five hundred and eighty pounds and purported to bear Lord Butlor's signature, and, as I shall prove, gentlemen, was a forgery.

"It was not this bill, however, that betrayed the prisoner, for just before it was due he forged another bill, this time with Mr. Purdie's name, for seven hundred and ninety pounds, which he discounted as usual and went round to Lord Butlor's



"'HE IS MY HUSBAND'"

bankers with part of this amount and took up and paid for the first bill forged on Lord Butlor.

"I have been rather prolix, gentlemen," Sir Thomas explained, "in going into this matter, but the prisoner's scheme necessitated my long explanation, which I trust I have made clear to you. Similar proceedings were made use of by Houston in regard to forged bills on five other of his customers' names. And now I will call witnesses to prove my statements."

Without going into unnecessary details of the trial it was proved by the prisoner's bankers that during the past two years they had discounted over forty bills for Houston and Lord Butlor, and the other customers proved that over two-thirds of them were forgeries.

Houston's counsel did all that he could to shake their testimony, but the facts were too strong for him and the best he could do was to bring out that some of the prisoner's customers carried on their financial matters in rather a loose manner.

When the jury retired to consider their verdict, after the Judge had summed up

dead against the man in the dock, it was just on four o'clock. They were only absent a few minutes, however, and when they returned again to the jury box the court was hushed into a breathless silence as the Clerk asked if they were agreed.

"Yes," replied the foreman, and after the formal inquiry as to whether they found the prisoner guilty of the charge, he answered "Guilty."

The Judge, with a few brief words as to the seriousness of the offence, sentenced the prisoner at the bar to seven years penal servitude. When this heavy penalty for his crimes was delivered, a piercing shriek resounded from the back of the court and it was seen that someone was being carried from the court.

A rumour soon ran round that it was the prisoner's unhappy wife who had fainted.

Mrs. Lovering who, to her great delight, was not called as a witness, was sitting at the back of the court, and next to her was the lady who had fainted. Mrs. Lovering had noticed the extreme agitation of the poor woman as the evidence against Harold Houston grew blacker and blacker. When the foreman of the jury pronounced him guilty, her neighbour leant heavily against her and Mrs. Lovering pressed her smelling salts on her, at the same time naturally enquiring what was troubling her.

"He is my husband," murmured the poor woman, and as the Judge's sentence rang in her ears she swooned away.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. LOVERING'S MISTAKE.

MRS. LOVERING was thunderstruck at this revelation. She accompanied the now senseless lady as she was borne to a side room, and later on when she recovered she heard her sad history.

Mrs. Houston had been married to her husband five years ago, under the name of Stonehouse, but twelve months after the marriage she had provoked him in some trivial manner and he had left the house. The next day he had written her that he could not live with a woman who required so many domestic virtues in a husband, and that henceforth she could consider herself free of him and that he would allow her two pounds a week to live on. He gave no address, and as the unfortunate wife knew nothing about his pursuits she had no means of tracing him. The only redeeming feature in his heartless desertion was that he had always sent her the pittance he allowed her. The two sovereigns invariably arrived enclosed in a registered envelope and always without address, the postmarks dating from various towns, but usually from London.

Mrs. Houston had read the reports of the case in the local paper of Leicesterham, and the name of Stonehouse had given her the clue to his identity.

"What a fortunate escape for Violet Manning," were Mrs. Lovering's first thoughts when she heard this bitter history, as it was slowly related by the sobbing, ill-used woman by her side.

John Weston had conducted the examination of several of the witnesses for the prosecution, and Mrs. Lovering, when she knew he was engaged on the case, begged him not to call her as a witness if he could help it.

The case against Houston was so overwhelming that he was able to do without Mrs. Lovering, but he was anxious to hear more of the condemned man's proceedings at Manningdene; and so, as soon as he had packed up his papers and removed his wig and gown, Jack went in search of her. He met her as she was walking down the passage, with Mrs. Houston leaning on her arm.

"I want to see you, Mr. Weston," said Mrs. Lovering when he came up. "I am just going to put this lady in a cab, and then I shall be very pleased if you will walk with me back to our hotel."

When they had seen Mrs. Houston off, Mrs. Lovering. turning to Jack with tears sparkling in her kindly eyes, said:—

"I want to do something to help that poor lady."

"Who is she?" asked Jack.

"Don't you know? She is the wife of that villain you have just proved guilty of forgery. He has deserted her for the past four years, and she never knew where he was until the reports of his crimes gave her the clue. We are very old friends, Jack, you and I, therefore I can confide in you that I thank God every night in my prayers that this man's crimes were found out now and not a few months later. Now his poor wife is the only sufferer, and a portion of my thankfulness will consist in helping her in the future. But another month or two might have brought irremediable sorrow and disgrace on another one whom you know and regard, and his guilt would have been far greater than now."



"I AM SO SORRY, JACK"

Jack looked at his companion in surprise as she uttered these ominous words.

"Pray speak out, Mrs. Lovering. What is it you refer to?" he demanded.

Jack knew that this man Houston had spent some time under the hospitable roof of Lovering Park. He had not dreamt of him as in any way connected with Violet—had not even thought of their knowing each other. Now, when he considered the matter, he knew that they must have met, and more than probably very frequently, for the two families were close neighbours and on most intimate relations with each other.

These convictions flashed through his brain even whilst Mrs. Lovering was speaking, and he turned on her almost fiercely as he asked her to speak out and tell him what she was hinting at.

"You must not blame me, Jack. I was completely taken in by him, and

have never ceased regretting my culpable remissness since the day he was arrested."

"For heaven's sake, dear Mrs. Lovering, tell me without further explanation what wrong this man was contemplating," broke in Jack, with more irascibility in his tone than he would have shown had his fears for one he loved so deeply not have been aroused.

There was something in her companion's voice that warned Mrs. Lovering that more trouble was in store for her. Jack and Violet were always great friends, and she had once thought that they would make a match of it, but this was before Sir Philip Manning's death, and since then Jack had not been a very frequent visitor at the Dene and so she had confessed herself out in her surmises for once. Still, any tangible harm to Violet, in the present or future, Mrs. Lovering knew would bring Jack forward as her champion, and his wrath was not what she desired at the present moment. What a fool she thought herself for referring to Houston's attentions to Violet. It was too late to draw back now, and she never dreamt of covering her retreat with a lie, even if a white one. While she was hesitating and formulating the easiest way of making her explanation she glanced at Jack Weston. His strong, handsome face was clouded over, his head bent forward, and his whole being seemed lost in gloomy thought. Intuitively he felt Mrs. Lovering's gaze, and, turning towards her, he awaited a reply to his last question.

Mrs. Lovering began without the least hesitation.

"You know, Jack, that Harold Houston was our guest, and so of course he soon got to know most of the people in the neighbourhood." Then she went on to tell him of how he and Violet had seen much of each other, and Lady Manning had enquired of her as to Houston's standing.

"Do you mean that Violet cared for him?"

Jack asked the question in a husky voice, punctuated by hesitancy between the words, as though he could scarcely deliver his thought aloud.

"I cannot tell you positively Jack," Mrs. Lovering answered, the fear that she was on the brink of more trouble still strongly before her, "but I believe she was flattered by his attentions; of one thing however I can assure you," she added, "there was no understanding between them—the intimacy had not grown into an avowal."

For some minutes they walked on in silence, each regretting the unhappy fortune that had brought this man across the path of Violet Manning, and each trying to pierce the curtain of the future.

Mrs. Lovering, of course, read from her companion's manner that his interest in his old playmate was as strong as ever; while Jack was thinking that the brightest wish of his life had just been roughly crushed into hopelessness.

Mrs. Lovering was the first to put her thoughts into words. Laying her hand sympathetically on Jack's arm, she said "I am so sorry, Jack."

John Weston had apparently mastered his emotions and appreciated her meaning, for pressing the hand which lay on his arm he accepted her compassion silently, and their conversation drifted on into other channels.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAND OF THE DEAD.

MRS. LOVERING pressed Jack to come down, if only for a few days, to Lovering Park; he was taking his leave of her outside the Queen's Hotel, and at first courteously but firmly declined the invitation, on the excuse that he was too busy to get away. They had tacitly allowed the subject uppermost in their thoughts to remain in the background during the latter portion of their walk. Mrs. Lovering did not intend to let Jack get away without a definite promise to visit the Park if she could help it.

"It's quite an age since you favoured our benighted part of the country with your company, Jack," she began. "How long is it?"

"You are very kind Mrs. Lovering, but why not leave well alone?"

"Is it well, Jack? I think not, and you have been away too long already. If you had been more sociable you might have saved yourself and—and others much grief. I think your duty is to come and try and win your battles yourself, not apathetically throw away your chance. Say you'll come, Jack."

"Very well, I will take your advice. Mind, I bind myself to nothing, and I am sorely afraid that my chance has gone; but I thank you heartily for your kind words and sympathy."

As Jack Weston sat moodily smoking his pipe that night in his lonely chambers, the foolishness of his conduct struck him with bitter regret; the senselessness of leaving the woman he loved without a word of his coming back some day when he hoped to show that he was worthy of her if she chose to wait for him.



"TAKEN ROUND TO SEE THE PETS"

Now another had forestallen him. The pride which Sir Philip told him had ruined his father's life had descended to him. Forewarned at the unhappy and miserable result of the bigoted self-esteem of his father he had failed to be forearmed. Like the Pharisee, he had thought himself "not as other men." It all came to him now—now when it was too late.

The few days that had to elapse before he went down to Lovering Park seemed interminable. His retrospection had served one good purpose at least. It had shown him what an arrant idiot he had been, and he vowed that in future he would guard against the parental sin.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Lovering was delighted to see him and welcomed him with more than her usual cordiality. She felt that having been instrumental in bringing a shadow between Jack and Violet, although, of course, unwittingly, she must show him proportionate kindness in compensation.

When these two had an opportunity for a quiet *tête-à-tête* later on, Mrs. Lovering informed Jack that Violet had been much brighter during the last few days.

"I think she has experienced a natural revulsion against the man who might have ruined her life," explained his confidante. "I told Lady Manning about Houston's wife being in the court and she told Violet. The fact of his being married did more towards dispelling any influence that he might have over her than anything else. In a little while she will be her old sunny self again."

When Jack went to bed that night he was more hopeful than he had been for some days. After all, perhaps he might not be too late; anyhow, he was now alive to the necessity of playing his own game and testing his fortune when opportunity offered.

However, it was not to be an easy game, as he soon found out. On the following afternoon he accompanied Mrs. Lovering when she drove over to the Dene. Lady Manning was unfeignedly pleased to see him and chided him roundly for keeping away so long.

Violet was in the gardens attending to her flowers, and Jack went out to find her. It was some time before he came across her in one of the conservatories; she saw him before he espied her, so that she was not taken unawares. She was looking somewhat paler than when he had last seen her, but he thought her prettier and more sweet than ever.

She welcomed him with more dignity than she usually displayed towards him, but he was too delighted to be with her to cavil at any slight coldness in her manner.

After a while they dropped into their old demeanonr towards each other, and whilst Jack was taken the round to see her old favourites and new pets he felt that things might yet come right between them.

Mrs. Lovering, after a few words enquiring how he thought Violet was looking, refrained judiciously from questioning him further, and the few days of his visit had run into a week when he returned to town to look after his business. Every few weeks saw Jack hereafter at Lovering Park.

"It's your own fault you know," he had laughingly said to his hostess one day, "you would insist on my coming and I think you will have to prohibit my visits before I leave you in peace."

"I will have my revenge, Jack, when you have a house of your own," the kind-hearted friend replied, at which Jack coloured slightly. The weeks ran into months and John Weston kept his purpose steadily in view. He and Violet were the staunchest of friends, but somehow Jack did not feel that he was more than a welcome friend and companion. Although they were frequently alone as they strolled through the lovely grounds of the Dene or rested and chatted in the many shady nooks that seemed built for lovers' confidences. still he never felt that Violet regarded him ther than she had of yore.

He had trembled on the verge of declaring his love on more than one occasion, but had drawn back with the words unsaid. Jack was not a nervous man in the ordinary affairs of life, but he dreaded lest he should show his love too precipitately and, perhaps, lose all that in his eyes life was worth living for. Thus the question he longed to ask was put off from visit to visit. His opportunity came at last, and, as frequently happens, when least looked for.

Lady Manning had determined to give a small party at the Dene. It was the first occasion of the kind since her husband's death, and she wisely considered that Violet would be all the better for a little more pleasure than had come to her during the past twelve months.

Jack Weston was invited to stay a few days at the Dene to help them in preparing for the forthcoming festivities. It was only to be a small gathering of their most intimate friends, with a few dances for the younger members.

Jack was in the seventh heaven of delight at spending so many days near the object of his devotions, and his happiness was so contagious that Lady Manning and Violet both came under its spell, and the trio passed the pleasantest evening of Jack's arrival that either had known for many a day.

When they bade him good-night Jack sauntered into the library to smoke his cigar, and build castles in the air. Stretching himself out in one of the easiest chairs, he let his thoughts rove over the incidents of the past year. His career was now assured, his foot was well up the ladder of fame, and the woman he loved better than fortune, or fame, or even life itself, had been gracious and kindly to him that night. Surely the gods were propitious. As he came back to things mundane, he found he had let his cigar go out, and rose to relight it. As he puffed afresh at his Havannah his eye roved over the shelves of books which faced him on the other side of the table. One immediately caught his glance.

"Hallo," he said, half aloud, apostrophising one, "what are you doing here? 'Coke on Lyttleton,' seems a curious volume for a country house."

As he mused, he walked round to the bookcase, and took the famous book of law into his hand. Turning to the fly-leaf to see if there was any name upon it, he saw the signature, Wilfred Manning.

After gratifying his curiosity, he was about to replace it, when the body of the book slipped from its covering, and fell on the floor; as it did so several papers fell out, which Jack at first thought were loose leaves, but as he picked them up he saw they were not.

One was a letter. As he glanced at the opening words he saw it began "My dear son;" then he turned to the end where it was signed "Your loving but unhappy father, Philip Manning."

For a few moments Jack stood in deep reflection. His thoughts ran back to the time of his guardian. Then he turned to the second paper that had fallen from the book. This was explanatory enough, for it was docketted on the back, "The last will and testament of Philip Manning, Bart."

"Why, my guardian never was married," Jack muttered, as he went slowly back to his chair, "and he never made a will—at least, none was found."

Then he sat down and read the letter. As he perused it his features grew more and more agitated, and as he put the letter down and picked up the will his hand shook as though he had the palsy. When he had glanced through this latter document his hand fell forward heavily on to his knee, while he covered his eyes with his other hand as if to shut out some unwelcome vision.

For over an hour John Weston remained buried in the past which these documents had conjured up; then he replaced them in the book he had found them in and hid the volume on the top shelf amongst some odds and ends that had been put there out of the way. As he turned to extinguish the lamp his face showed that some great grief had come upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

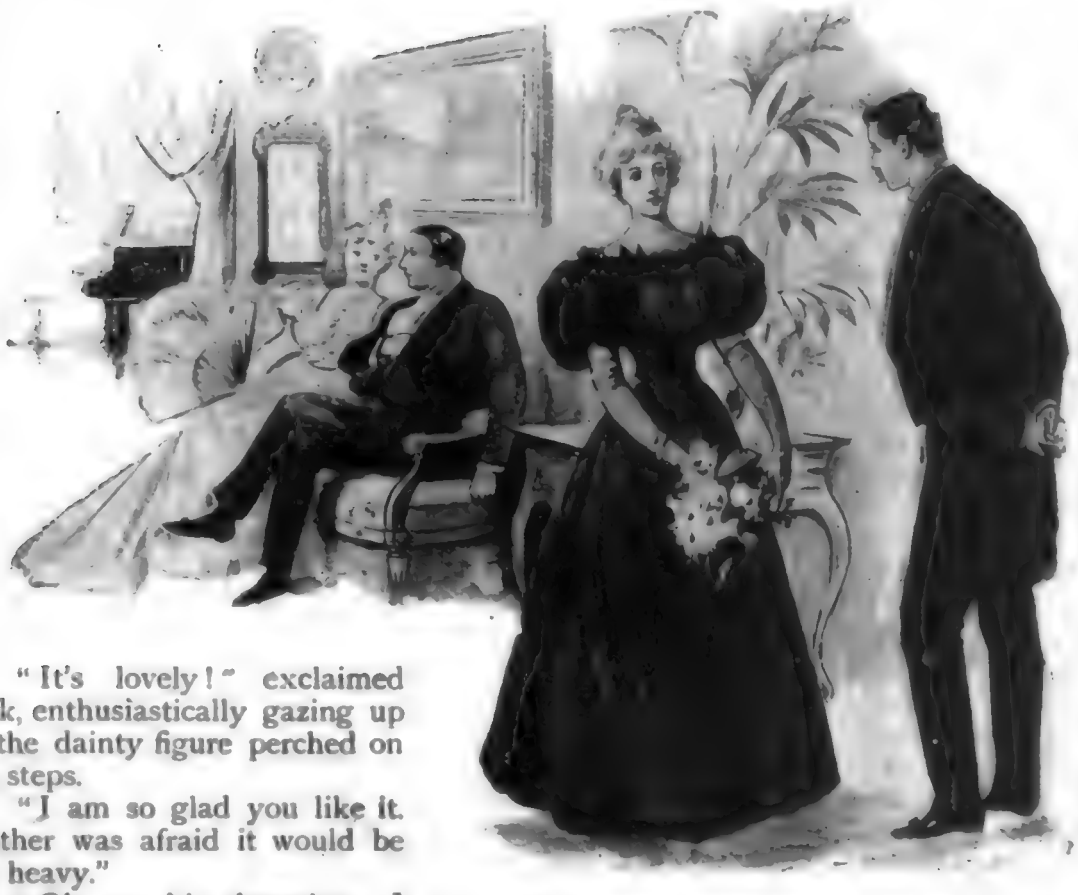
JACK LOSES HIS SIGHT.

SLEEP was long in visiting the pillow of John Weston that night, but towards morning he dropped off into a fitful slumber, which, however, did much to restore him to something like his usual tranquillity. He explained his somewhat jaded look by the truthful excuse that he had slept badly, but the real cause he kept to himself.

Violet had thrown aside the quiet and subdued manner which had clouded her spirits, and superintended the preparations which were going forward for the evening's entertainment with all her old gaiety. Jack was soon affected by this happy change in his sweetheart's temperament, and the two were soon outvieing each other in making the old house resound with their merriment.

"Jack, come here," called Violet; "how do you like this?"

Violet was tiptoeing on the top of the library steps and holding up some curtain stuff over the doorway to make a portiere.



"'HOW MANY DANCES WILL YOU GIVE ME?'"

"It's lovely!" exclaimed Jack, enthusiastically gazing up at the dainty figure perched on the steps.

"I am so glad you like it. Mother was afraid it would be too heavy."

"Oh, no, it's charming. I quite adore it."

'Don't be so silly, Jack. I shall not ask your opinion if you make fun of my efforts like this," replied Violet, coming down from her lofty position. Her colour heightened rather more than the exertion seemed to warrant.

Jack was quick to recognise that he had committed himself somewhat, and with a commendable presence of mind he took the curtain from her fingers, and mounting the steps held it up again, saying: "Now you can judge for yourself."

"Yes," said Violet, looking at it critically, "it looks very nice, but I can scarcely say I adore it."

After this, Jack was more careful, and kept a tighter reign over his feelings.

When Violet came down to receive her guests, Jack thought he had never seen her looking so lovely. The black lace frock she wore set off her willowy figure to the utmost advantage, throwing into relief her snow-white arms and dainty throat, whilst the rich mass of golden hair crowned her head like an aureole.

"How many dances will you give me Violet?" he asked, as she came towards him.

"I must only let you have one or two," she replied, laughingly, "because I must dance with all our guests; all, at least, who care to ask me."

"Well, I will take two, if that's the limit, and I shall claim the first extra also," and Jack brought her a programme and scrawled his name down for two waltzes.

It was their last dance together, and they danced it through without a pause. It was the lovely "Myosotis," and Jack was a born dancer. As the enchanting strains floated in the air Jack thought he should like to go on for ever, but even fiddlers tire, and at last the end came.

John Weston led his partner into the cool, dimly lighted conservatory, and finding her a soft lounge at the far end, seated himself on a footstool at her feet.

The glamour of the dance was still throbbing in his veins as she glanced down at his upturned face and said "You dance beautifully, Jack; I was quite sorry when we had to stop." Then something in his gaze made her pause.

"You echo my thoughts, Violet," he answered, somewhat huskily; then he pitched prudence to the winds, and placing his hand on one of hers which lay in her lap, he opened his heart to her.

"Violet, I have something to tell you to-night which I have long wished to say, but have feared lest my hopes be shattered and all that I hold dear in this life goes from me. I have loved you, dear, ever since I can remember you, ever since we were boy and girl together. I had nothing to offer you, as I painfully felt when I came to recognise all that you were to me. I was a mere nobody and——"

"Please don't say any more, Jack," Violet interrupted him with a great, pitiful sob in her voice. "Please don't. I never thought you cared for me like this. I shall never marry, Jack. I—I have no love to give you, Jack." Then she lay back in her seat and her bosom heaved with great tearless sobs.

Jack was on his feet beside her in an instant.

"There, dear, never mind what I've said," he whispered, patting her hand; "we'll be the same dear friends we have always been."

And so by degrees he soothed her back to something like tranquillity, repressing for the time the grief that was eating into his own soul.

When they returned to the drawing-room another dance was in full swing, and Violet escaping observation hurried up to her own room. When she re-appeared she had regained her calmness, and with a brave effort continued her duties.

Next morning Lady Manning and Violet both breakfasted upstairs, for which Jack was thankful, and when he had finished his own meal he started off for a long walk to pull himself together.

Lady Manning joked them both at dinner that evening on their worn-out appearance, remarking that when she was young she could dance several nights in succession without being so fatigued as they were. Violet answered this sally with a wan smile, while Jack tried to throw off his burden and make amends for his silence, but they were both glad when the time for retiring arrived.

Jack left the Dene next morning and returned to his business. Work was the oblivion for which his heart hungered, and he threw all his energies into his profession, and except when exhausted Nature compelled him to sleep, he worked on and on, devoting body and brain to the clients who flocked to him now more freely than ever.

"You'll overdo it John, if you don't take care," said his friend Sir Thomas one evening, when he returned to his chambers to read



"'WHAT'S WRONG, JOHN?'"

up for a great case that was coming on the following day. "You'll overdo it my boy," he went on, as Jack, looking up, shook his head with a weary smile.

Having given this caution the prosperous barrister went into his own room to revoke his speech by a similar bad example.

John Weston leant his tired head on his hand and paused for a few minutes. He was wearing spectacles now, for of late his eyes had given him some trouble. They seemed dimmer than usual to-night, and the strain of reading the small crabbed type of the document before him had made his brain ache.

"I'll knock off for to-night," he murmured to himself, rising and stretching his limbs.

Advancing to his friend's room he looked in. "You're a nice fellow to preach what you don't practice," he called out.

"Ah, but you know I have been on the rampage since six to-night. I went home to dinner and took my wife and little girl to the Lyceum, where I had a couple of hours enjoyment witnessing Ada Rehan's charming Viola and then I walked down here. A very different matter, John Weston, to grinding on without a break. Look at your eyes, Jack, they are bloodshot and weary with the strain. What's the good of killing yourself, for that's what it comes to?"

"I don't care much if it does," replied Jack bitterly.

"What's wrong, John?" said the elder man kindly, as he rose and came over to him. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No thanks, old friend," answered Jack, "I'm a bit hipped; I'll tell you another time, and now I'll go to bed."

"Ah," ejaculated Sir Thomas, as his friend closed the door, "I'll bet there's a woman at the bottom of your case John, my lad; there usually is when there's trouble about. It isn't money, I know. To-morrow's Saturday, and I'll take you home, John Weston, to Mary, she'll sympathise with you." Mary was his wife, to whom he always brought his own troubles and usually found relief in her loving solicitude and brave heart.

On the morrow, however, Jack was forced to give in and abandon his work, for his eyes were so much worse that even with his spectacles he could scarcely distinguish the objects around him, much less read. So Sir Thomas, when he returned from the Courts found his friend helpless and hopeless.

Together they went to the most famous oculist of the day, and Jack was cautioned that only with great care could he hope to regain his sight.

CHAPTER IX.

AT LAST.

ON the following week Sir Thomas Williams intended taking his wife and daughter to Brighton for a short holiday and he insisted on Jack accompanying them.

"It will be just the thing for you Mr. Weston," Lady Williams remarked, "we can take you out with us every day, May and I, and the air will do you a lot of good and you will be company for us, Tom will sure to be running up to town nearly all the time."

So Jack went with them and was petted and fussed over, all of which in his present helpless condition was very grateful to him. His eyes remained much about the same, and he had to wear blue glasses to shade them from the light. When they were out for a walk Lady Williams, or her daughter May, led him about, for he could not see to guide his steps.

As it happened, Lady Manning and Violet were also visiting Brighton, and one day when Violet was out by herself she met Jack and May arm-in-arm as usual.

Jack had just taken his spectacles off for a few minutes.

"I think I can see a little better," he remarked to the girl at his side.

"Oh, I'm so glad, how jolly," she answered gaily. May was just seventeen and rather given to expressing herself in this fashion. "Can you see this pretty girl coming towards us," she asked.

"No, I cannot see so well as that, I can just distinguish the form of some one approaching, but——"

"Oh, Mr. Weston, she bowed to you," May whispered.

"Did she though," he answered. "What was she like?"

"Awfully pretty, with fluffy, golden hair."

It was Violet Manning. As she passed him Jack was looking straight at her.



"VIOLET AND JACK TOOK CARE OF THEMSELVES"

Violet felt he had cut her, and in the rudest manner. She flushed up at the insult and the tears sprang to her eyes.

The next morning Violet was out with her mother, and again they met Jack and May. This time he had his glasses on.

"Why, there's John Weston," exclaimed Lady Manning; and stopping in front of him she held out her hand.

Jack almost collided with her before he recognised where she was.

"I'm almost blind, Lady Manning," he apologised, as he shook hands. "I am staying down here to recuperate. Is Violet quite well?"

"My dear Jack, I'm so sorry to find you so," Lady Manning returned. "Can't you see Violet? She is beside you."

John Weston turned eagerly and begged her pardon. Then he introduced May Williams, and he and Violet walked on together.

"You must guide me, please, Violet," he asked, "or I shall be upsetting someone." As she placed her hand on his arm, she said:—

"Why didn't you let us know you were suffering like this, Jack?"

"I didn't wish to worry you. Besides, it came on so suddenly, and Sir Thomas Williams insisted on my coming down with his wife," Jack replied.

This was the beginning of many such walks, and presently Violet and Jack were left to take care of themselves. The air of Brighton was working marvels in Jack's case, for he now rapidly grew more like himself. Cunning beggar though he was, for he desired Violet to place her arm in his long after he might have dispensed with it; and somehow she seemed nothing loth.

When Sir Thomas heard from his wife how matters were going on he guessed pretty shrewdly who the woman at the bottom of Jack's trouble was; and so when one night Jack, with a beaming face, told him that he was engaged to the sweetest woman in the world, he raised his glass of whisky and soda, saying:—

"I drink to the health, happiness and long life of your bride, Violet Manning."

"How on earth did you guess?" asked Jack, astonished.

"Well, I'm not an owl, John, my boy; and, besides, little birds have been whispering."

Violet's pity had indeed turned to love. She had thought of Jack a great deal during the past years, and who knows but had he not taken her no as irrevocable he might have found his reward sooner. There was another reason, however, that kept him so long from her side. It was quixotic, perhaps, but the man's nature was proud by inheritance, and it ruled his actions, though he knew it not—or, at least, would not admit it by that name.

It was some months before the doctors pronounced his sight again sound, and then they were married. Their honeymoon was spent amongst the quiet beauties of the English Lakes, and then they returned to begin their married life at the Dene. The old house had been redecorated and made beautiful under the loving care of Violet's mother, who welcomed her children back with eager delight.

On the following day, while Jack was going round the grounds with the head gardener, Lady Manning and Violet again went over the house to inspect afresh the additions that had been made while they were away. When they came to the library Lady Manning said:—

"I have left this for Jack to attend to, dear. I think a lot of these old books might be got rid of and a new supply obtained to replace them."

"We must speak to Jack about it, mother dear," answered Violet, as she looked at the rows of musty, dusty tomes. "See, there's a lot of things on the top of the case," and without more ado she climbed up the steps to see what was there. "Only a few old books and papers," she remarked; then she picked up the book which Jack had placed there. "Here's one that's not so dusty as the rest," and opening it, the book parted where the papers lay which had so upset John Weston.

While Violet was satisfying her curiosity her mother had left the room. The letter first attracted her, as it had her husband, and after the first glance she came down from the steps and seating herself read the letter through.

"MY DEAR SON," it ran; "They have telegraphed for you but you do not come, and my end is near. The history I related to you of your father and mother is quite true, for I am your father. I had hidden my identity for so long that I could not bring myself to acknowledge myself even then to you, much less to the world. I married your mother under the name of John Weston, the name you bear, and she lived and died knowing no other. And then I disappeared. I made no friends

and few would recognise the elderly man who returned as Philip Manning, as the one time Mr. Weston. Our marriage took place at St. John's, in the Parish of ———, on the 15th of June, ——, and I enclose with this letter my will, leaving you my sole heir. I shall leave both in an envelope in my brother Wilfred's charge to hand you if I am gone before you return. Forgive me, my dear boy, for any harm I may have done you. No father could have had a better son, thank God for that thought. I can write no more now.—Your loving but unhappy father, PHILIP MANNING."

As Violet sat stunned after reading this letter from the dead she heard Jack's footsteps approaching, and he entered the room and came towards her.

"Well, sweetheart," he commenced playfully, "what are you so quiet over?"

As she turned her face towards him he perceived that something was troubling her.

"What is it, darling?" he exclaimed anxiously.

For answer she handed him the letter.

He recognised it in a moment, then he said, "What an idiot I was to leave it there."

At his words she sprang towards him.

"Did you know it before, Jack? Oh! I'm so glad, for I felt so wretched at the thought that all this time I have been an impostor, but if you knew you were the heir before you married me, why—why——"

"It doesn't matter, does it darling?" he added, and then he told her how he had found it.

"But, Jack dear, uncle Philip says he would give the letter to father," Violet said, in a voice broken with horror at the suggestion she was making.

"Perhaps he forgot to do so, darling; or again, possibly your father forgot to deliver it to me. Anyhow we won't waste time over such conjectures which are useless, for we can never know how these papers came to be in that book." And so Jack passed the matter over lightly before his young wife.

In his own breast, however, he felt that Violet's father had done him a wrong which he had tried to right as he lay dying, and his last words, could they have been finished, would have confessed his sin.

Later on the will was proved and Sir John Manning reigned in the home of his fathers with his lovely wife, happy and at peace.

Women of Note.



H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA

IT is in the relations of wifehood and motherhood rather than as a member of our Royal Family that the Duchess of Edinburgh has chiefly distinguished herself; and though for the earlier years of her married life she dwelt in our midst, and was a prominent feature in Court functions, she always retained her Russian nationality in the strongest degree, and adopted few of the characteristics and customs of the English nation. Those brought into intimate connection with the Duchess during her residence at Eastwell Park, Kent, are warm in her praise, and appreciated the courtesy and kindly hospitality she was always ready to extend. But to the general public her manner is somewhat cold, and contrasts painfully with the affable charm of the Princess of Wales, who shows few traces of

foreign extraction. The Duchess was born on the 17th of October, 1853, and married the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg on January 23rd, 1874. The public entry of the Royal couple into London took place in the following March during a heavy snowstorm, and thousands of loyal Londoners lined the streets to accord a hearty welcome to Prince Alfred and his Russian bride, who, on this occasion, were accompanied by her Majesty and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. Five children have been born to the Duke and Duchess, and two have already entered upon the responsibilities of married life, and are themselves mothers. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha born at Buckingham Palace in 1874; Princess Marie, now Crown Princess of Roumania, born in 1875; Princess Victoria Melita, Grand Duchess of Hesse, born at Malta in 1876, and Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice born respectively in 1878 and 1884. H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is extremely popular in her own Duchies, where her intellectual and social qualities are greatly appreciated, while the careful manner in which she has educated her children naturally appeals to the German people, who are, above all things, domestic. During the past season the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha have occupied Clarence House, their London residence, which has been the scene of many brilliant entertainments given in honour of the visits of the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse.



H.R.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE DARMSTADT

H.R.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.

WHILE still in her teens Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha plighted her troth to her cousin Ernest Louis Charles Albert William, Grand Duke



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SERVIA

of Hesse, and exchanged her home at Coburg for the New Palace at Darmstadt, which was built under the direct supervision, and for the occupation of the bride's aunt, the late Princess Alice and mother of the present Duke of Hesse. Even in royal circles love matches are not unknown, and it was an open secret that the two cousins entertained for each other feelings of mutual affection. Similarity of tastes, family ties, and frequent opportunities for friendly intercourse, resulted in a union which has proved satisfactory, not only to those most concerned, but to the people they are called upon to govern, and who are devoted to the Grand Duke, his dynasty, and the girl-wife who presides over his Court with gentle dignity and an ardent desire to do her duty to her husband's subjects. The Grand Duchess has a sweet expression, clear blue eyes, and a pretty, graceful figure. She is fond of outdoor sports, particularly tennis, and is an accomplished musician, being a clever performer both on the piano and violin. The Grand Duke has also displayed considerable talent in this direction, and has produced some excellent compositions. Early in the present year the Grand Duchess gave birth to a daughter, and it would be impossible to find a more devoted young mother to the little maiden whose advent occasioned some disappointment to the Hessians, who were anxiously expecting a son and heir. With the tact, doubtless inculcated by her own wise parents, the Grand Duchess of Hesse has organised a bright and pleasant Court, at which stately functions take place at frequent intervals, and Darmstadt, which has had no feminine head since the lamented death of Princess Alice in 1878, has developed into quite a gay little town. The young Duchess has also taken a keen interest in the amusements of the people, and has increased her popu-

larity by the manner in which she has identified herself with various charitable movements.



[*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin*

LADY BROWNLOW

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SERVIA.

NATALIE, QUEEN OF SERVIA, has had a checkered career, and has had more than her share of trouble. The daughter of Pierre Ivanovitch Kechko was born on May 2nd, 1859, and became the wife of Milan, King of Servia, on October 17th, 1875. This union was dissolved, by command of the king, by the Metropolitan Theodosius in 1888, but the validity of this decree was disputed by the Queen on the grounds that she had not been heard in her own defence, and also that it was contrary to the ecclesiastical law of Servia, which alone has jurisdiction over divorce cases, and further that the decree had been pronounced illegal by the Holy Synod. Under these circumstances Queen Natalie is regarded by a large majority of the Servian people to be the lawful wife of the ex-king Milan, who a few years since abdicated in favour of the only child of the marriage, a son, now King Alexander.

LADY BROWNLOW.

LADY BROWNLOW is a well-known figure in London Society, but it is as the ideal chatelaine of a country house that she is seen to the greatest advantage. A handsome brunette, with regular features, beautifully poised head, and commanding presence, she presides in the most graceful manner over the ancestral mansion, Ashridge, near Berkhampstead, standing in its well wooded park and commanding fine views over the Vale of Aylesbury. This is the rendezvous of many a picnic



[Photo by Barraud.

MRS. NAVARRO (MISS MARY ANDERSON)

and rural festival for which the Earl and Countess are ever ready to give their permission. Adelaide, Lady Brownlow, is the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and married the present Earl Brownlow on the 22nd of June, 1868.

MRS. NAVARRO.

MRS. NAVARRO, better known to the English people as Mary Anderson, retired from the dramatic profession on her marriage in 1889 with Monsieur Antonio Navarro, a New York citizen. She has since lived in comparative privacy in the picturesque Kentish town, Tunbridge Wells. This charming young actress had made a reputation in the American cities long before she made her bow to the English public. Her first visit to this country was purely for pleasure, and it was not till 1884 that she was seen at the Lyceum Theatre in a number of different characters which she sustained with a considerable amount of power. She played Rosamund in "As You Like It," at the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, and her portrait in this character appears in one of the decorative panels. From 1885 to 1889 she fulfilled many engagements in Great Britain and Ireland, and was enthusiastically received, for her success was assured from her first appearance at the age of sixteen. Among her many parts may be mentioned Bianca in "Bianca and Fazio," Julia in the "Hunchback," Pauline in the "Lady of Lyons," Galatea, and Juliet. Mrs. Navarro is the daughter of General Anderson, who was killed during the Civil war, was born at Sacramento in 1859, and studied for the stage under the late Mrs. Charlotte Cushman.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.



[Photo by Pragnell & Co.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

IF, as we are led to believe, travel is a liberal education, and a wide experience of many lands advantageous, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava has been specially blessed, for a large proportion of her married life has been spent in brilliant progresses from one foreign country to another, owing to the important appointments which have been conferred upon her husband, Lord Dufferin. So well-fitted by nature and circumstances for her exalted position is Lady Dufferin, that it would be difficult to find her equal. At St. Petersburg, Cairo, and on the banks of the Bosphorus her influence was felt; and as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada her sphere was by no means a restricted one: but her life work was associated with her residence in India, where Lord Dufferin became Viceroy in 1884, and Lady Dufferin founded the Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the women of that country, for which there was a pressing need. No more graceful tribute was ever paid to a wife than by Lord Dufferin, who concluded one of his speeches with the words, "I am bound to admit, however humiliating this confession may be, that if there is one thing more certain than another it is that the memory of Lady Dufferin and of her goodness, and the beneficent results of her labours, will still live and flourish after the fact of my ever having set foot in the peninsula will have been forgotten." An interesting account of the four years spent in the East is to be found in Lady Dufferin's book, "Our Viceregal Life in India," which has passed through several editions. Since their return in 1888 Lady Dufferin has made her home at the Embassy in Rome, and latterly in Paris, where as the representatives of the English Government Lord and Lady Dufferin are extremely popular.

F. M. G.

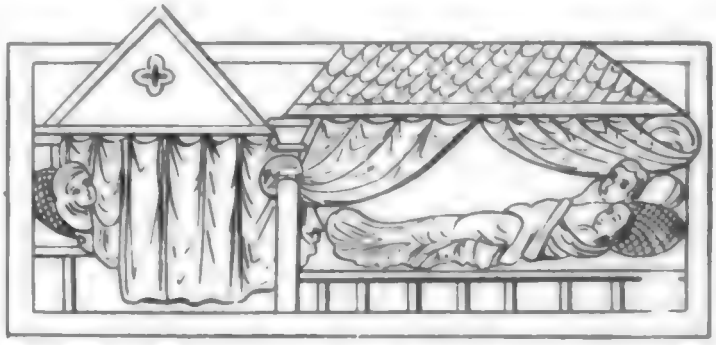


A Chat About Bedsteads.

IN that interesting work, "A History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages," by Mr. Thomas Wright, it is stated that the modern word bedstead means literally no more than a place for a bed; and it is probable that what we now call bedsteads were rare, and only possessed by those of rank and substance. A king's bedstead has been copied from an old MS. and gives a good idea of the kind then used. The most ancient illustrations show a long mattress carried over the top end of the bed. It may be concluded that monarchs did not retire to sleep burdened by the insignia of royalty, but rather that the artist chose this means of indicating that the figure depicted was a king, not a man of lower rank. Even houses of nobles were scantily furnished, and oak chests, in which bags of straw were kept during the day, generally served for the accommodation of the male members of the family, boards and trestles were brought into requisition for servants, and as a rule the mistress of the house and her daughters used a curtained recess at one end of the great hall, for privacy was not inseparably associated with sleeping apartments as at the present day. The bed coverings appear to have been of the most diaphanous character and better adapted to the hardy inhabitants of these sea-girt isles in Anglo-Saxon times than to the more carefully nurtured race of the *fin de siècle*. They were evidently considered of value, as they were frequently bequeathed with the curtains of the bed by will. Probably in winter



A KING'S BEDSTEAD (FROM AN ANCIENT MS.)



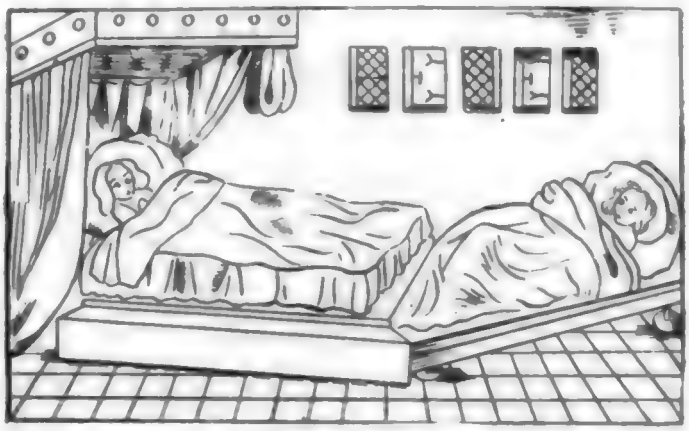
ANGLO-SAXON BEDSTEAD

additional warmth was obtained by the aid of tanned skins of animals, as reference is made to a goat-skin sent to a Saxon abbot for this purpose. As it became customary to build additional bed-chambers beds assumed novel forms and the various appointments improved. A bag of feathers, with bolster attached, was substituted for straw, and a cushion for the head was frequently added, particularly to a lady's bed. Bed clothing consisted of sheets, woollen coverings—surmounted by rugs made from the skins of the badger, cat, or beaver—and handsome embroideries. Weapons of defence were kept close at hand, as no one was safe in these war-like times.



NORMAN BEDSTEAD

During the 13th century testers and canopies were attached to the ceiling immediately over the bedstead, which would entirely conceal the bed when drawn, and so make the apartment more appropriate for use as a sitting-room during the day, and appear to have suggested the more modern four-posters with their voluminous draperies. Another curious invention of this period was the truckle bedstead. It consisted of a smaller bed so constructed that when not in use it could be rolled under the larger structure, and was considered a convenient arrangement for two persons desiring to sleep in the same room, but who did not care to occupy one bed. The illumination in the MS. of Comte d' Artois gives us an excellent example, of which a reproduction is given. The noble Count is in the place of honour under the canopy, and his supposed valet (really his wife in disguise) is in the smaller bed. Shakespeare also refers to this article of domestic furniture when describing Falstaff's room in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act 4): "There's his house, his castle, his standing bed, and truckle bed." From another source one would gather that hotel accommodation was of the simplest character. It was not considered necessary to reserve a room for one or two people and so closely are the numerous beds placed in one picture, that the further ones can only be reached by crossing the prostrate forms of the other travellers. In another hostelry scene the wall is lined with berths very similar, though not so luxurious as those in a modern steamer. When wall panelling came into fashion it was at once seen that it could be applied to furniture also, and handsome fixed bedsteads (the first step towards 19th century fitments) were erected; usually with carved

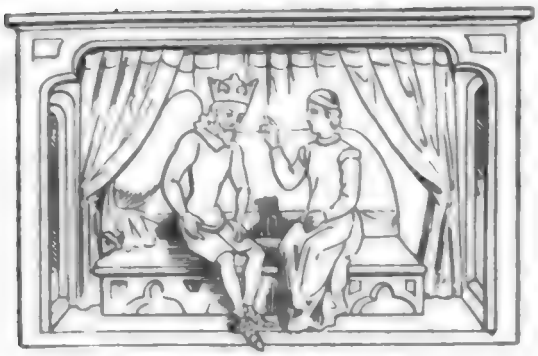


A TRUCKLE BEDSTEAD

corner-posts supporting a canopy, and the lower portion arranged as a receptacle for clothing. Some of the old French mansions still retain the fashion, leaving a narrow space at either side to be enclosed as dressing-rooms; a convenient arrangement where space is not of paramount importance. From a remote period the bedstead has been used for purposes of concealment. Sliding panels often disguised wall recesses or secret passages which could be taken advantage of in time of danger. Apparently solid pillars were useful as jewel caskets and to hold other valuables, and the framework often contained secret compartments suitable for a variety of purposes. It was such a bedstead which Richard III. brought with him to the Old Blue Boar at Leicester, where he slept the night before the fatal Battle of Bosworth,



ROYAL BEDSTEAD AT HAMPTON COURT



BEDROOM OF 13TH CENTURY

and which many years after was found to contain the King's treasure chest and a large sum of money evidently intended for the payment of troops. Shortly after the discovery (which was kept secret), the owner of the bedstead attained the dignity of Mayor of Leicester. After his death the widow was murdered for the sake of her possessions by an old servant who was aware of the appropriation of the money. At the end of the 18th century this historic bedstead of oak, highly polished, was purchased by a native of Leicester, whose family still retain possession of it.



THE GREAT BED OF WARE

Another famous bedstead may be seen at the Saracen's Head Hotel, Ware. Allusion is made to it in "Twelfth Night," and the elaborately carved arches of the head-board and other characteristics stamp it as of the Tudor period, probably of the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. It is of oak, twelve feet square, with baluster columns and semi-circular supports.

An object of special interest is the bed of Mary Queen of Scots in Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. Very frayed are the red and green hangings and valance of openwork, but, from sentimental and historical points of view, absolutely priceless.

Similar in many respects, but of a more ornate character, are the handsome Royal beds in Hampton Court and other palaces, with high testers surmounted by feathers or ormolu ornaments and draped with richest brocade or needlework. Of the countless varieties of latter-day bedsteads there is little occasion to speak; but it may not be out of place to make a brief reference to the sleeping arrangements of other nations.

To the Greeks we owe the tester bedsteads with curtains, which they invented so as to avoid the inconvenience of an attendant slave as fly-flapper. Both these people and the Romans used framed couches for sleeping upon. The Egyptians had a strangely fashioned bed, longer, but somewhat resembling an easy chair, and not unlike the king's bedstead, of which an illustration is given. The Chinese are fond of low carved bedsteads, and an American writer, describing the bedroom of a rich Chinese lady, says, "Her bed was six feet square and made of teak wood. Ropes were stretched across it in place of a mattress, and it was covered with light mats, canvas, &c." Japanese women prefer to roll themselves in a warm covering and sleep upon the floor, and the Burmese rest upon mats, but in the same position. Small wooden head-rests are substituted by most Eastern nations for pillows, and in the tropics many nations prefer a hammock to any other form of bed.



BEDROOM (FROM A MS. LIFE OF ST. EDMUND, A.D. 1400)

Social Economics.

Of all the words from A to Z in the English dictionary, none has been distorted, perverted from its proper use, and so shamefully abused as Economy. It is a universal war cry to be hurled with resistless force against young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple. The prince in his palace has it gently whispered in his ear, the peasant is uncomfortably conscious that it must direct his steps, and every intervening grade in society is imbued with a sentiment which, according to circumstances, may be regarded as a virtue or a vice. A false idea of economy is responsible for more extravagance than can ever be weighed in the social balance; has destroyed health and strength with a reckless prodigality absolutely appalling, and has filled our asylums and cemeteries with those whom Providence destined for useful work in the world. This stock text of all denominations, preached in season and out, and with a universal earnestness worthy of a better cause, has disgusted tens of thousands, who, if left to their own devices and to act as nature and their better instincts dictated, would have proved themselves in the long run worthy men and women and profitable citizens. Human nature, particularly youthful human nature, is perverse; it may be reasoned with, and gently led to see the error of its ways, but can rarely be driven; and brute force is a cowardly extremity for the strong to use against the weak. With a vast majority, economy, frugality, and parsimony are interchangeable terms; yet in application they are as far asunder as the poles. The true definition of economy is a wise and judicious use of the powers and privileges which have been conferred upon us; for example, the careful management of time, money, and health; so that we may benefit in the fullest degree, and avoid waste and extravagance. Frugality cuts off all indulgences, and proceeds on a system of rigid and habitual saving; and parsimony is frugality carried to an extreme, involving meanness of spirit, and a sordid mode of living. Economy is a virtue, parsimony is a fault, while frugality may lean to one or the other according to the motives from which it springs. A too tight grasp of the purse strings by the powers that be, engender lying, stealing, and most of the defects mortal flesh is heir to. It cuts off the natural pleasures of youth, makes middle-age a labour and a weariness, and deprives our declining years of one of its chiefest joys, generosity to others. In too many households all sorts of petty precautions are resorted to, not on account of insufficiency of means, but because in early life denial was practised from necessity rather than choice. In such matters use has become second nature; and the habits of a lifetime are with difficulty relaxed, when the motive which prompted them no longer exists. So the cheese-paring policy continues, and as a counterpoise, the victims put the homely proverb into force with a vengeance, and save at the spigot, and pour out at the bung. In such households labour-saving appliances are regarded as the inventions of the Evil One for the direct encouragement of laziness; and food prepared from outside sources is ignored for antiquated and homely dishes cooked according to recognised receipts handed down for generations. With a view to economy, an absolutely fallacious idea, everything must be raised upon the estate, whether it consist of a thousand acres, or a patch of back garden appertaining to a suburban villa. When "To save" is the family motto, and, by implication if not in fact, "Waste not want not" is written in letters of fire upon the wall, chaos is at hand, and one must be prepared for the worst. Each day of the week will be strictly devoted to its own particular domestic upheaval. On Monday, as soon as you wake, your olfactory nerves will be offended by clouds of steam and an odour of stale soap suds. Your breakfast will be of a fragmentary description, your lunch ditto, and dinner without a redeeming warm feature "because it is washing day." On Tuesday an elderly family connection from whom you have expectations, and whose strong point is a perfectly appointed household, is coming to call, and you find the drawing-room swathed in calico, and every single article of furniture deviating from the perpendicular. On Wednesday, in desperation, you determine to retire to the privacy of your own chamber immediately after breakfast and to get off arrears of correspondence, when you are greeted on the threshold by a stolid housemaid, who informs you by a law as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, your room is always turned out on the middle day of the week. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday follow suit, and if, being a prodigy of strength and valour, you have escaped extreme prostration of nerves and body, fortune has singled you out for her favours, and you are all the better prepared to possess your soul in patience till you receive your token of release. Be grateful for small mercies, and thankful that you have not to run the gauntlet through the marmalade preserving, wine making, pickling, and divers other seasons, with a Spring and Autumn cleaning thrown in. Hospitality under such circumstances

is a dead letter, so one must submit with as good a grace and for as short a time as possible. Cultivate a calm demeanour when the host institutes a modern curfew, and without remorse, ruthlessly cuts off the gas at a ridiculously early hour; or the hostess looks with a disapproving eye when the guest surreptitiously appropriates a new sheet of paper, instead of conducting her correspondence on the blank pages in a more or less damaged condition, of which the stationery cabinet holds full measure, pressed down and running over. When the son and heir politely accompanies you on your walks abroad, and takes the opportunity to point out some undertaker whose speciality is cheap funerals, or a floral depôt where a discount is taken off memorial wreaths. As if one ever wishes to consider the price in making a last offering to the dead, who, in a few hours—or, at most, days—will be beyond mortal reach for ever. If the daughter of the house gently removes the scissors when a parcel arrives (and your eyes are literally aching to gaze once more on spoils of shopping), so that the string shall not be cut, and pays no heed to the damage done to nails and temper, so she saves a yard or two not worth an infinitesimal part of a farthing for future use; and when the last drop is put into your cup of bitterness by the maiden aunt, whose firm hand effectually prevents a reckless use of toilet towels, and too frequent changes of bed linen.

Class has nothing to do with the case. A cottager with fourteen shillings a week, and as many in family, may have a better understanding of the real meaning of economy, and be able to put it to better use, than the millionaire who has acquired his wealth by recklessly riding over the rights of others, and after spending the best years of his life with his nose to the grindstone, defrauds himself of the ordinary comforts of civilised life. Those who would hit the happy mean, must temper their economy with generosity, their prodigality with judgment, and their love of self with consideration for others; for pregnant with truth as when first uttered is the golden rule, which bids us do unto others that which we would have them do unto us.

Fashions and Fripperies.

At the fag end of the summer sales my readers will hardly expect me to record any striking novelties in dress. The few thousands who make the fashions and for whom they are made, have deserted the finest city in the world for countless attractions at home and abroad. The glories of Ascot are forgotten, the lawn at Goodwood is a memory, and Rotten Row, so short a time since a glowing *parterre* of human flowers, a wilderness. London is empty, except for the few millions who toil without ceasing, through the heat and burden of the day, so that we may rest daintily, feed sumptuously and clothe ourselves in fine raiment. I am afraid this side of the question does not occur often to the majority of us. So long as our wants are supplied we are content to accept what the gods (or their representatives, the manufacturers) give us and to apply them to our needs and the renewal of our wardrobes, which







FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

are in a more or less dilapidated condition after an unusually brilliant and long season.

Of the materials used in millinery their name is Legion. Every fabric the ingenuity of man can devise, or the heart of woman desire, is pressed into the service of the fair sex, and it is no uncommon thing to see on one hat or bonnet six or seven different colours and as many garnitures. Mercury wings of guipure, dazzling with sequins; or of goffered lace ribbons galore, delicate osprey, ostrich feathers and every flower that blooms are at the disposal of those who desire to avail themselves of these transitory joys which six months hence will be voted out of date.

For those who require substantial evening dresses, warranted to remain fresh after many times wearing, I can confidently recommend the stout English brocades, which are now made in a variety of beautiful designs and marvellous colourings. Very pretty, too, are the less expensive brochés, with their shimmering, satin-like surface and floral patterns, either in single blossoms or trail-like effects. Stripes, fancy and plain, are also very popular, and with a limited number checks find favour, particularly the small shepherd's plaid in black and white. Evening sleeves are of two varieties; either a single puff carried high upon the shoulder, or a short, loose sleeve leaving the upper arm exposed and held in place by folds of lace or straps of passementerie. Skirts are as wide as ever, often measuring five or six yards in circumference. A large proportion of the fulness is carried to the back and arranged in long, flute-like pleats. In the sketch of a girl's school dress the blouse is composed of accordion-pleated silk with waistband and trimmings of velvet, the plain skirt is of cloth ornamented with a single row of stitching. These useful dresses look extremely well in tones of blue grey, cinnamon brown, or olive green, but should, of course, be selected with due regard for the complexion of the wearer.

Blouses are so convenient and cool, and offer opportunities for varying the toilet, that no wardrobe is considered complete without them, and many dainty fabrics have been specially manufactured for the purpose. Shot materials, with a small pattern thrown on the surface, either of the same shade as the ground or a contrasting one, are very suitable for this purpose. So are the short *glacé* and surah silks. A warp of orange and a weft of blue gives an exquisite moonlight effect, while pale blue and rose-coloured silks woven together suggest the tones of a summer sunset. Silk crêpons have left the woollen variety far in the back ground, and



EVENING GOWN OF ENGLISH BROCADE

when made over a coloured lining, give complete satisfaction. In perfect taste is a delicate lavender crêpon lined with pale pink silk, tiny frills of the latter peeping below the edge of the skirt. The bodice is made with deep cuffs and full vest of shot silk, in which both shades



SCHOOL FROCK FOR GIRL OF FOURTEEN

appear changing with every ray of light as does the opal. Here and there a glimpse of cream guipure blends the gown into a harmony which must be seen to be realised. Another dream of beauty is of pale green crêpon, just the tint of a willow leaf in early spring, with a lining of white watered silk. The skirt has a narrow pleating of the two materials at the edge, and this trimming is repeated on the shoulder cape, while the corsage has full sleeves of crêpon partially concealed by epaulets of silk.

A very charming and inexpensive visiting dress is made of pink and blue shot silk. A round plain skirt has twisted folds of silk at the edge. The corsage has deep basques, and frills of ivory lace edge the full front, which is confined by a narrow pleated band at the waist. Gigot sleeves, of moderate dimensions, are slightly open at the wrist, where narrow ruffles of lace appear, and small rosettes of silk are placed at the back of the collar, which is also covered with lace.

No one can go much into London Society without having at least a passing acquaintance with the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Clay, whose picturesque figure, personal charms, and graceful demeanour cause her to be a centre of attraction wherever she chooses to appear. This lady, whose unfailing tact and gentleness has endeared her to a large circle of friends, has recently founded a charitable organisation called the Ladies' League of Kindness, which only requires to be known to obtain world-wide support. It is specially intended to aid those whose needs are not patent to the world, but who often want, far more than the very poor, slight pecuniary assistance. The governess awaiting a new situation, the artist whose pictures have been rejected, the musician with few pupils, the actor out of an engagement, and others similarly situated, are eligible for the funds at the disposal of the Ladies' League of Kindness. On payment of 10s. 6d. one becomes a Patron or Patroness, and each one receives twelve cards for a dozen "At Homes" to be held in London during the year at the houses of those interested in the movement. The Patron who holds the assembly selects the *protégé* to whom the proceeds are to be given. The cards left at an assembly being reckoned at 10s. 6d. for 12, determine the amounts of the proceeds. The date, "locale," and nature of the assembly to be according to the pleasure of the "Holder," who defrays the expense. Ladies who reside in the country who feel disposed to join the League can do so, and be constituted Vice-Presidents on forming a circle of 12. Members desiring to subscribe and wishing further particulars must apply to the Hon. Sec., Miss Netter, 23, Elm Park Road, London, S.W.

I have been asked by several of my readers to inform them which is the cheapest,



and at the same time reliable, typewriter in the market. Maybe the higher-priced machines are the best for all purposes, but this is not the whole question. I have taken some trouble to ascertain the merits of various types of machines, and without doubt in my opinion the "Odell," sold by Messrs. Perry and Co., Ltd., Holborn Viaduct, London, at Two Guineas each, is the cheapest workable Typewriter offered. The accompanying block gives a good idea of the machine. It has few parts to get out of order, and gives a good clean impression. It is most simple to work, and with very little practice sixty words a minute can be written. There are seventy-eight different characters, including capitals, small letters, numerals, and various stops and signs. These are all under the control of one hand, and as each sign is printed the machine automatically brings the paper into position for the next sign. As a really practical useful Typewriter the "Odell" is unapproached at the price.

A Voice from Afar.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY DUNCAN FOSTER.

ONE calm and dismal night in the autumn of 1870, two officers of the first battalion of the —th Silesian Jäger (Sharp-shooters), Lieutenant Hartmann and Lieutenant Weber, were sitting at a table outside a rudely constructed shed in the park of St. Cloud, with decanters and glasses and a lamp before them. The palace had lately been set on fire and nigh razed by the French shells, but as the Germans had removed some of the furniture before the fire had spread, the company then stationed in the park were able to make themselves unusually comfortable, and some strange sights were seen round the camp-fires. The table at which these two officers sat was of carved oak, the glasses were coloured, the decanters, containing the best old Burgundy, were of fine cut glass and quaint design, and the lamp, which had been turned down to shed only a feeble light, was of heavy bronze. Lieutenant Hartmann, the elder of the two, a bearded, stern-looking soldier, lounged in a cosy leathern arm-chair, and his somewhat stout, good-humoured companion occupied a rosewood seat decked with rich brocade. Their bivouac, being well sheltered, had the appearance of an ideal retreat. Trees and bushes fenced them on the left, and a broken wall, the remains of a lodge, partly screened them from the enemy, who still at intervals fired a gun in this direction; on the right was the pathway, flanked on the other side with trees, whence in the day time a



"THEIR BIVOUAC HAD THE APPEARANCE OF AN IDEAL RETREAT

good view of the west of Paris could be obtained; and here, about a hundred yards distant, one of the outposts was stationed. Although it was past midnight, a feeble light also glimmered in a grove near by, where the picket-guard was bivouaced, and now and then the hum of voices and an occasional laugh reached the officers.

"Why, Fritz! what ails you to-night?" asked the young lieutenant, filling his glass for the third time after a futile endeavour to cheer his morose companion. "Your glass remains full, you neither smile at my best jokes nor gratify me by falling asleep. Drink and be merry and let me hear no more of your gloomy apprehensions."

"Ah, Karl, your light-hearted disposition is to be envied," returned Hartmann, slightly rousing himself. "You are right, though, a soldier should never be troubled with thoughts as dismal as mine. Let him do naught but his duty, and trust in God. I doubt not he would soon lose heart in a campaign if at all affected with homesickness; for, surely, every soldier must feel that the chances are much against his returning."

"Ach, nonsense! he never thinks of anything but his duty," replied Weber. "How many soldiers weigh matters so carefully I should like to know? Take my case for instance. It is true I felt a little anxious in my first engagement with the French, but I never thought of death. And now that I am quite accustomed to hear the bullets whistle about my head, I never heed them."

"Well, let us hope most of us are as sanguine or as careless as you are," said Hartmann, wearily. "But, still, there are exceptions. You have never been in love Karl; you are a bachelor and quite fancy-free, and have your heart and soul in this campaign. I dare say you cannot imagine a soldier fearing death for no other reason than that his wife and children are dependent on him." After a short pause: "Why, I wonder, are some people singled out for trial and suffering, when health and fortune smile on others? Now, see, some of us are destined to return to our fatherland, victorious and exultant, amidst shouts and hurrahs of welcome; but many faces will be sought for in vain. Some are destined to meet their sons or their husbands again, and their joy will be unbounded; while others will be heart-broken by the absence of those they love, who, though they will have fought as bravely as the rest, will be dead in a foreign land. You must not forget, Karl, I have a young wife at home, and her last letter tells me I am now a father."

Hartmann's tone was sad enough to influence even so reckless a soldier as Weber. His levity was checked, and he also began to meditate upon the fortunes of war and the precariousness of a soldier's life. It at once occurred to him that it would be a dreadful blow to his friend's young wife to hear of her husband's death, were it destined that, ere the war terminated, he should be amongst the slain. He rarely troubled himself about the future, but at that moment the possibility of Hartmann losing his life really displeased him, and he felt he would gladly undergo any hardship to ensure his friend's safe return to his wife and child.

Hartmann had once more lapsed into gloomy reflection, and all was still in the park. The picket-guard was quiet, and not a sound was to be heard but the rustle of leaves fanned by a gentle breeze.

Suddenly the hollow report of a cannon boomed from one of the French forts. At the same instant Hartmann started and sprung hurriedly from his chair.

"Who calls?" he cried, making a step toward the grove, and then gazing round like one bewildered. "Surely some one called me?" he said, now addressing Weber, who had also left his seat.

Hartmann was strangely agitated, and spoke in the rapid, irritated manner peculiar to the nervous.

"My name was called—I am positive. It seemed to come from under those trees." And he peered out into the darkness.

"I must say I also thought I heard something," said Weber, dubiously.

He had scarcely spoken when something whizzed past them overhead, and, with a loud crash, descended on their bivouac behind them.

"A shell! Down for your life!" shouted Hartmann, throwing himself quickly to the ground; and Weber was not less precipitate in imitating his movements.

A crashing and splintering of glass followed, then a breathless moment of expectancy. They lay at full length, with their arms extended and their heads pressed sideways to the ground, and thus anxiously awaited the explosion. For once their precaution was unnecessary. Second after second passed without a fresh disturbance startling them. The expected explosion did not ensue. After waiting a short time prostrate and motionless, the officers simultaneously rose. Quiet was once more restored to their private corner; but whatever had contributed to their evening's ease and comfort had irremediably suffered; besides, the lamp was destroyed, and utter darkness enveloped the place.

"Donnerwetter! that was a commotion," said Weber, irritably. "I fear we shall find little of that good Burgundy left."

"That does not matter," replied Hartmann; "our lives have been spared, so let us be thankful."

"Humph! I wish we could see though," growled Weber. "It is dark enough for the nether regions. Ah! but whom have we here?" he added, perceiving a light advancing in their direction. "Certainly the noise was enough to wake the dead."

The crackling of dry twigs under the heavy soldier's tread now became audible, and the indistinct forms of three men were seen approaching. The two officers stepped forward, and met a corporal bearing a lantern, and two Jager fully equipped.

"Has anything happened, lieutenant?" inquired the corporal, saluting and addressing Lieutenant Hartmann.

"Our table has been struck by a cannon-ball," replied Hartmann; "but we have luckily escaped unscathed. If you can spare that lantern we shall be much obliged. By-the-bye, did one of you call to anybody just now?"

"No, lieutenant, I think not," answered the corporal.

"Did any of you hear a cry just before the shot fell?"

"No, lieutenant," they all replied.

"Have you anything to report?"

"Every man is at his post, and all is quiet."

"Very well," said Hartmann, taking the lantern.

The corporal and his men returned whence they had come, and Hartmann and Weber went back, and examined the remains of their furniture.

Their eyes first fell on the shattered wreck of the arm-chair, which, it was at once seen, had received the greatest damage, the cannon-ball having plunged right through the seat of it and sunk into the ground. The oak table had also been damaged and completely overturned, and the lamp and the decanters and glasses lay in fragments a few paces off. Of their costly furniture Weber's gaudy seat alone remained standing, covered with fine earth and dust.

"See, now," said Hartmann, "if I had been sitting in my arm-chair at the time—as I should have been but for that mysterious call—the shot must have crushed me into a pulp. If I did not positively know that my wife is at Breslau, I would swear it was her voice that called me by name."

"Whoever could it have been?" said Weber.

Hartmann shuddered.

"How ghostly this place looks all of a sudden," he said, placing the lantern on the ground and glancing suspiciously around. "Come, Karl, we will leave the lantern here, and pay the sentinels a visit; perhaps they can explain this mystery. I feel too uneasy to be idle. We will go through the grove. Come."

Weber having no objection, the two officers passed under the trees, and disappeared into the darkness.

Ten days later Weber was lying on a large box, in a deserted farm-house, writing a letter to his parents, when Hartmann suddenly broke in upon him. His face was glowing with excitement; he appeared to be the bearer of extraordinary news.

"Karl!" he cried, "I have been looking for you all over the place."

His voice faltered, and he sank on a wooden chair, and breathed hard. Weber noticed he held a letter in his hand, and feared that evil tidings had reached him.

"I am quite overcome," said Hartmann, after a moment's rest. "The mystery is solved. I told you it was my wife that called me the other night. I received a letter from her about an hour ago. It was she that saved my life!"

"How?" exclaimed Weber. "Was she in the park that night?"

"No, no; she was at Breslau—at home. It is wonderful—miraculous. Let me read you the first few lines of her letter; they explain all."



"WRITING A LETTER

Hartmann opened the epistle, and read in a hasty and agitated manner:—

"'DEAR FRITZ,—I am in sore distress. A great fear, which I dare not ignore, weighs heavily upon me. I have a foreboding that your life is in jeopardy, and the dreadful thought that my warning will arrive too late, is racking me as I write. Who knows if this letter will ever reach you? Last night I dreamt an awful dream'—the letter is dated the —th, mind you—'the horror of which is still full upon me. I saw you bound fast to a target. I saw, arrayed in a line before you, a platoon of French infantry levelling their rifles at your breast. I called to you—I cried out, "Fritz! Fritz!" You turned your head as though you heard me; and then, with the crash and rattle of the rifles, I awoke, my ears ringing, my limbs quaking, and I felt as if something terrible had befallen us. Write at once if you are well and relieve the intolerable suspense that is torturing me.'

"You see, Karl, I was right after all," said Hartmann, fervently, as he carefully pocketed the letter. "It must have been her cry that I heard, for it was on that very night and just after the gun had been fired, too, you remember. Oh, there is no doubt about it, she has saved my life. I immediately wrote back that I am unharmed: that, as God willed it, I heard and recognised her voice as she called my name; that but for her I should now be lying in my grave."

His hands were folded, and, though his lips still moved, his speech was no longer audible. He had bowed his head devoutly, and Weber perceived he was absorbed in prayer.



England in Holland.

A SERIES OF UNCONVENTIONAL PAPERS.

By DR. P. H. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

No. II.—Yeast, Spirit, Cattle Food, Oil, Gelatine and Glue Manufacture.

HAVING dealt with the social aspects of Agneta Park, I now cross the railway and pass "The Villa"—a detached, large, two-storey structure, containing billiard, refreshment, toilet and other rooms, and bunks, that the men may indulge in "forty winks" during the intervals of their hours of labour.

On both sides of the road are the huge buildings forming the factories, mills, distilleries, and so forth, of the "N. G. and S. F." (Nederlandsche Gist-en Spiritus Fabriek). To give some idea of this city of factories—for I can call it nothing else—I mention a few figures in connection with the steam-power, *plus* a most extraordinary thing—viz.: for over twenty-five years, day and night, Sundays, week-days, and holidays alike, for 365 days in each (366 on leap-years), the machinery has never stopped! There are fourteen boilers, heating a superficial surface of something like eighty-one miles of steam piping carried round about the various departments; and forty-five steam engines, providing one thousand horse-power day and night. They are not all in use at once, or the motive power would be increased considerably. The consumption of coal reaches nearly one hundred tons weekly.

If the proverb: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is honoured anywhere it is here, for cleaner and more orderly premises would be impossible. Agreed that the work is of a somewhat untidy nature, the fact that a person finds the floors as clean as in his own home must be sufficiently convincing. This can only be

ascribed to forethought and wise administration, added to that *esprit de corps* amongst the employés already alluded to.



YEAST SKIMMING
A CORNER OF ONE OF THE FERMENTING HALLS

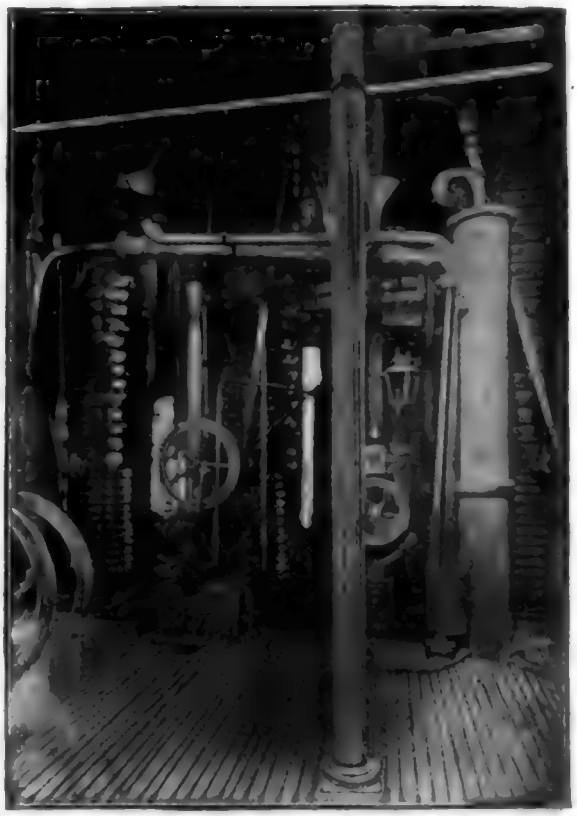
Yeast first demands attention, for it is by that we know this concern best, inasmuch as Britons buy more of the "N.G. & S.F." brand of yeast than all other brands put together. Several tons of it are shipped daily *vid* the Harwich short route, by direct fast steamer from Rotterdam, and sent by express trains to all parts of the three kingdoms. But yeast and spirits are twins; to make one without the other is impossible; as well try to grow oranges without rinds.

The heads of these two departments, more properly to be considered one, are Mr. M. W. Gregoor, who, with experiences obtained in all parts of the world, superintends yeast production; and Mr. P. G. Rijken, a somewhat similarly talented gentleman, presides over the spirit distilleries. But there is a third gentleman greatly *en evidence* but not much seen. This is Dr. Beyerinck, an astute bacteriologist, who e laboratory is the pride of the Company and the envy of everyone else. The Dutch Government has lately appointed Dr. Beyerinck to the professor's chair at the University of Delft, but he is certain to have an able successor. Needless to add that the personalities of the two directors, Messrs. J. C. Van Marken and F. G. Waller, are stamped upon these responsible managers to the same extent as upon everybody else employed in the works.



READY FOR ENGLAND
THE YEAST PACKING ROOM

By water, by road, by rail, and every other method of conveyance, excluding, perhaps, catapults and balloons, grain is received into storehouses at these works which put to shame those of the original Pharoah in Egypt to prepare for the seven years' famine. The rye, maize, and barley is raised by endless bands supplied with buckets, somewhat similar to those used in dredging muddy harbours. These so-called "Jacob's Ladders" convey the grain to the upper stories, whence it falls again into sixteen reservoirs, with a capacity of ten million kilogrammes. Here all is agitated by steam power and the dust blown out until one thinks that a flour mill has been visited by an earthquake. When the cleaned grains are required for malt, the slip-valves below the reservoirs are mechanically opened and the grain falls upon endless leather belts about twenty-four inches wide, which carries it forward to the mills; but *en route* it passes under a series of electro-magnets to remove everything of a metallic nature.



A FAINT IDEA OF WHAT A STILL IS LIKE

In the malt house the cereals are damped, spread on cemented malt floors and kept at given temperatures till they sprout. At the right moment the germinated grain is collected and shot into a drying kiln which was impossible to photograph and is very difficult to describe. If my readers will imagine a number of child's swing-cots, magnified and made of iron boiler-plates, each cot large enough to contain a railway carriage; then twenty of these placed in a gigantic pile, each directly above the other, and under the lot a furnace large enough for a smelting works, they will have done well. The grain is tilted into the uppermost receptacle and there kept in motion by interior mechanism to prevent burning. An hour or so in the coolest of these bins is about enough. A lever is pulled, and this acts upon the stack of bins by emptying the lowest (and, therefore, driest) one and shooting the contents of each of the others into the warmer one immediately below and leaving the top one empty for a fresh load. It therefore takes some twenty hours to dry all thoroughly, but once an hour the lowest bin turns out its dried contents into another series of "Jacob's Ladders" to carry the malt to the cleansing chamber; there all spores or germs of the grain are removed and saved for cattle food, and the malt is ground in the ordinary manner.

The ground malt is next macerated with water and boiled by steam into paste, constantly kept in motion by beaters working inside gigantic vats like wooden gasometers, and quite large enough to accommodate an average May-pole and morris dancers. This paste is cooled down, heated and mixed again, cooled once more, further liquified, and then run into large vats in the Fermenting Hall, of which a corner is shown. The paste is now a gruel-like liquid, and to it is added a given proportion of so-called "mother yeast," made in advance in the bacteriological laboratory by mixing together the fungus growth obtained from a single cell of pure yeast with some flour; this has grown until the whole became live matter of a pure breed. Logically a well-bred animal produces good offspring; pure mother yeast

follows that example, and it redounds to the sense of the British nation that it selects and uses the pure and powerful article thus obtained. Fermentation is set up in the vat, for yeast feeds and grows on the sugar or glucose in that which is now malted liquid, and when ripe forms a foam on top. Men, with long planks skim off the ripe yeast into the gutters parallel in front, and it runs away into other vats, where water is added to thin this mass of live fermentation. Next this is reduced by more liquid, that it may pass through several white silk sieves. Afterwards this purified emulsion is carried to other vats, washed on arrival, and the yeast made to sink in the water whilst the undesirable particles float. The yeast at the bottom is drawn off, conveyed to the presses, and submitted to a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch, which leaves it of the consistency of putty. The presses are emptied, their contents fall apart, and the partly-dry and crumbly-looking masses are sent to the packing room and pressed by screw power into bags or other packages, largely to provide John Bull with his staff of life.



BOTTLING GIN

About the Spirit Distillery. We followed the skimmings from the Fermenting Hall until we left them as yeast suitable for immediate use; but we will return there and accompany the liquid which was below the growing yeast and watch it through its various stages until it gives us water-white, odourless spirit equal to 70 degrees over proof of our English standard. Firstly, the strained, skimmed liquid is pumped into a leviathan apparatus, the size of which would sound like romance if I placed it on paper, and which no camera in existence can do justice to. The Distilling Hall is probably 100 feet high, and various iron galleries and spiral staircases of heroic dimensions are necessary to enable the labour to be carried on. In such a gigantic apartment a man loses his size; he looks about as big as an ordinary walking-stick. How many miles of piping there must be in use surpasses calculation, and the capacity of the stills is in keeping with my other descriptions. In the apparatus, large enough to frighten a human being, the liquid is steam-heated until the spirit evaporates, passes through a series of condensers, falls out in reservoirs, and thus becomes raw material in its first stage. Again it is pumped into rectifiers, which, by steam-heat, rids it of fusel oil and produces the bland, clean, silent spirit the chemists know under mystic Latin initials of S.V.R.,

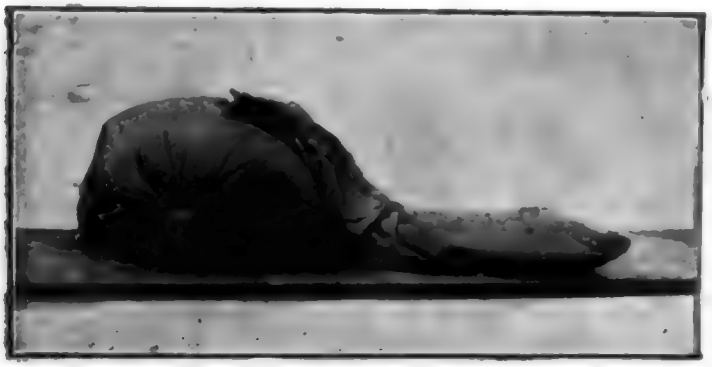


SEALING THE BOTTLES BY DIPPING

which mean Rectified Spirits of Wine. This branch of the business produces an Excise revenue to the Dutch Government of over eight millions of florins per year.

For gin, the first product is run over juniper berries, rectified simultaneously, and run into mammoth wooden vats built in the earth under the works, which gives mellowness obtainable only by age and a low temperature. The refined spirit, just as rectified, is sold for chemical purposes and to people who ship it after treatment peculiar to the brand and market for which the spirit is employed. For many years past this Company has annually, in open competition, secured the Government contracts for the supplies of gin and spirit for the Dutch Army and Navy, at home and abroad.

The bottling is simple: to a vat is attached a tap and deodorised rubber tube of about quarter-inch diameter; the workman has a supply of washed bottles, corks, and a hard wood bat. He puts the rubber tube in the mouth of the bottle, turns on the tap, fills his bottle, removes the tube to another, and meanwhile pushes the cork into the first one and drives it flush with his wooden bat by about the time the succeeding bottle is filled. An attendant supplies with empty bottles and removes the full ones to another man, who dips their heads into melted sealing wax, lays them on their sides to set, and labels them when ready. Thence they are passed to the packer, who puts a dozen in boxes painted green or red, fills up with husks of grain, nails on the lids, and the latter are immediately sealed by the Excise officers in attendance.



LIQUID THE TWO "PIGS" SOLID

Now to turn to account the waste from the yeast — a semi-liquid stuff containing about 90 per cent. of water. Mr. A. F. Marlet, who is a talented agriculturist, turns this into a food-stuff for cattle which sells throughout the world. By rather a sloppy operation this slushy article is run into coarse sacks, some hundreds of thousands of which are stacked in the open air. I give a photo of two sacks: the large one is full of waste, and the weight of the huge stack of these squeezes the moisture out of the lower sacks until in due time they are nearly flat, and the sun does the rest until, as shown by the thinner sack, nothing is left but a dry and somewhat fibrous substance, which, on analysis, shows



THE "DEVIL" AT WORK
DRYING AND LOOSENING THE DRIED DRAFF

about 29 per cent. of albumenoids; 10 per cent. of oil; 23 per cent. of starchy matter or meal stuffs; 3 per cent. of mineral matter; and cellulose to make up the rest. This dry "draff" is now (colour excepted) much like the dried peat used as bedding for horses, so must be broken into loose order, and any surplus dampness carefully removed that it will keep sweet, free from mildew, and in a tempting condition for animals. The dried sacks are therefore brought into the disintegrating department where (excuse the phrase!) they are submitted to the tender mercies of the "devil." The sacks are emptied and dried, and the "Jacob's Ladder" of buckets carries along the draff into the appliances named after his Satanic majesty, to crush all knots and lumps and leave everything free and loose.



SOME CURIOS REJECTED FROM THE NUTS

Crossing one of the canal bridges we come to the oil mills—a red brick structure large enough for goods-warehouses at half-a-dozen first class railway stations. Here are received the Arachide nuts, also known as "ground nuts," "monkey nuts," or "pea nuts," that are bought at Rufisque, in Senegal, Africa, by M. Gaston Thubé of Nantes, France, who is a co-director of this Company. From them is extracted oils of two characters; one, a magnificent pale amber salad oil for table use, and, by a second pressing an oil, but little inferior, which is used by thousands of tons annually in Holland and elsewhere for the basis of oleomargarine. Of this enormous, though compact, factory, Dr. J. Tutein Nolthenius is the third co-director, and his lieutenant is the suave Mr. J. Pijnappel. Several ten thousands of tons of nuts are treated here annually by processes as attractive and interesting as inexplicable either by pen or camera. First they are fanned to remove leaves or similar light substances; then passed through an ingenious machine which automatically removes anything heavier than the average nut, and I am sure my readers will be astounded to know that amongst the other things cleared from these nuts from time to time have been human fingers from black African natives, men's heavy and large rings, shells, stones, hair-combs, ear-rings, iron implements, broken weapons, and quite a host of other articles which have formed so remarkable a collection that they became centres of curiosity when shown at exhibitions. One of these ghastly sets is now attracting endless onlookers at the Exhibition at Amsterdam, but from my small photo the shapes of some of the peculiarities which were found among the nuts whilst I looked on, may be noted.



OIL PRESSES AT WORK

Machinery removes the basket-like husks; the nuts, ready for treatment, are

run through other machines, which, so to speak, sandpaper and winnow away the parchment-like and coloured skins that adhere to the kernels, and thence to second machines of similar character to correct any omissions of the first; then a third, and a fourth, and so on, until finally the nuts look like pearls. Now they are split by another machine and sifted into another which grinds them into a coarse powder somewhat resembling ground almonds. The next thing is to pack these coarsely ground and sifted blanched nuts into canvas bags of peculiar shape, that, when tied up, look like large cushions, some 18 inches square by 3 to 4 inches thick.

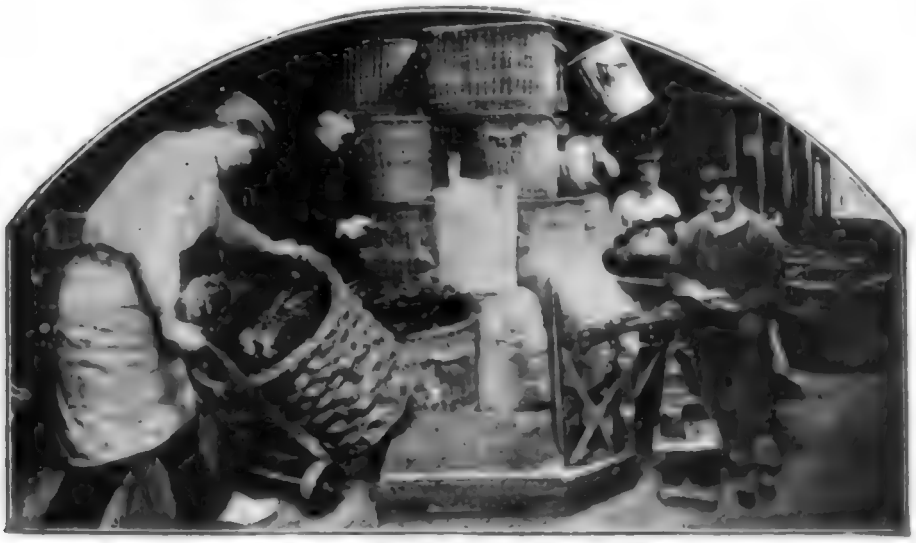
My photograph shows a truckful of these ready for pressing. Some twenty or twenty-five of them are stacked in a hydraulic press of enormous power, a sheet-iron plate placed between each, and the pressure turned on until a stream of clear, limpid oil runs from the spout in front into a pan below. Now some more straining of this liquid and the oil is ready for sale. The ground nuts left in the canvas cushions are almost in solid blocks, but all is shaken up and subsequently pressed into feeding cakes for cattle.



TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND TONS OF BONES

About a mile away from the main buildings is the Glue and Gelatine works, which belongs to the same group of Companies. Mr. Hagedoorn is manager here, and the first sight of the yards is forbidding. There is an enormous stack of bones, representing two hundred thousand tons weight, in a pile about twenty-five feet high, in the open air, and I give a bird's-eye view of this being added to from the canal boats alongside.

When these bones have been bleached by the atmosphere they are ready for of extracting the grease by boiling them in closed steam in benzine. Under ordinary circumstances this is a highly dangerous proceeding, but the tanks are made of armour plates as used for war-ships, and the steam jets are controlled to a nicety. The liquid fat is clarified almost automatically, and thereby produces stearine for candle-making. The bones are now thrown into revolving iron cylinders of enormous capacity, in which they are "drummed," and then passed into huge disintegrators which smash them up. The fragments are now boiled in water by steam power to extract all the glutinous matter, which is subsequently sub-divided. The clearest part is clarified or rectified, and then bleached and purified, till as transparent as glass and clear as crystal, and when this has been thinly poured on metal sheets to set, and carefully dried on wire frames at a low temperature, it becomes gelatine. But the coarser parts of the product become the glues of commerce. Glue is dried much in the same fashion as gelatine, and



SELECTING, CHECKING, AND PACKING GLUE

hereabouts is a photograph of a busy nook on the sorting floor; the foremen and checkers are supervising the classification, packing and weighing of glue for shipment to John Bull's shores.

Nothing now remains of all that left the original stack in the open air but clear white bone in fragments too small for manufacturing into useful articles, and perhaps not valuable enough for conversion into buttons for trou—— ahem! "bifurcated garments." They are thrown into powerful grinding machines, which pulverise and then sifts them into bone-dust and bone-meal of varying grades for artificial fertilisers.


1898. Veertiende Jaargang. No. 19.

DE FABRIEKSBODE.

Onder redactie van J. C. Van Marken.

ZATERDAG 18 MEI.

Now a closing word in reference to this enormous group of businesses — distinct yet allied, separated and yet working in unison. The ramifications are so great that for communication between department and department the existing telegraphic and telephonic services are insufficient; therefore a cycling postal service is in operation, which collects and delivers in every part of all the factories every half-hour that comes. Then, as it is equally difficult to reach all the employés, a weekly bulletin is published from the printing works in Agneta Park. This bright little sheet is called *De Fabrieksbode*, or "Factory Messenger," and is the great vehicle of communication between the directors, managers and workpeople, and, whenever space allows, some social matters of interest to the latter are included.

I dare not trust myself to write more; but I could—in fact, I could write another fifty pages and then not say enough. I can therefore only say I went to Delft professionally, as a journalist; thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Van Marken, Mr. Waller, and their numerous colleagues, my visit became one of pleasure; and I am happy to think that amongst those friends whom I hope I may count as life-long, I am able to include those who have so kindly assisted me to write my first and second papers upon "England in Holland."

The Photographs for these articles were taken specially for THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE *by Messrs. Terry and Dorrell, 4, Cologne Road, London, S.W.*

Dramatic Notes.

THE theatrical year started with an abnormal frost which lasted for several weeks. This was followed by an epidemic of the fiend Influenza, and it took some time for managers to pull themselves together, and now, worst of all, comes a General Election. Luckily, however, the General Election has come just at the end of the season proper, when theatres are closing all round us for their annual holidays. So far I cannot describe this as a good year; one or two theatres have been successful, but many more have suffered and suffered heavily. The spell of fine weather and an attractive, very attractive, exhibition at Earl's Court may also account for this.

* * *

Many complaints also have arisen from actors and actresses about the undue visitation of foreign schools, and here, surely, is some ground for complaint, though I personally rejoice to think that we are the only centre where such a thing is to be found. Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Eleanora Duse were hosts in themselves. To this add the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden, with the return to the operatic stage of the *diva*, Madame Adelina Patti, the Saxe-Coburg singers at Drury Lane and the Saxe-Coburg actors at the Savoy, Madame Rejane at the Garrick and Mr. Augustin Daly's American actors, at Daly's, and all go to complete a galaxy of talent never before to be seen in one city. Surely, the seeker after variety could satiate his appetite on this choice array.

* * *

At the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving has been turning on his full *repertoire* and almost nightly changes have been the order of proceedings, anyone who has patronised the Lyceum lately must have been struck not only with our great actor's wonderful versatility, but also with his wonderful retentive memory. It is no light task to be letter perfect in one long *rôle*, but when you have to enact some dozen such in a month and also have the cares of production and management thrown in, then, indeed, it seems and is a herculean task. "Much Ado About Nothing" was given as Miss Ellen Terry's benefit. Not a seat was vacant in the house in spite of the hot and oppressive weather. Never did the play go better. Miss Terry was more winsome than ever and Sir Henry's subtle humour and by-play was more clearly emphasised than heretofore. And at the fall of the curtain what cheering there was! Again and again did they both appear and bow their acknowledgments to the crowded and enthusiastic house.

* * *

The month has been prolific in matinées, but the principal one of interest was Mr. Mackay's "Quong Hi," and this for the reason that not only did Willie Edouin appear, but he also brought with him his clever daughter, May, and it was well worth the visit to Terry's Theatre that afternoon to witness father and daughter's song and dance—the latter quaint and new. Of the impersonation of a Chinaman by Mr. Edouin it is useless for me to write, for I could not add anything to the praise that has always been unanimously bestowed upon it. I cannot write enough about this clever and winsome daughter of clever and artistic parents. When Miss May Edouin appeared in "A Trip to Chicago" I said in these columns that her performance was the life and soul of the piece, and that she would make a distinct mark in the profession. This is, I believe, the next time she has appeared in a suitable part before a London audience, and again unqualified success has been her reward. I would not be surprised if the legitimate successor to Miss Nellie Farren were to be found in this young maiden. Talking of Nellie Farren reminds me that it is very probable she will appear in management before long. My numerous readers will be pleased to hear she is rapidly improving in health and spirits.

* * *

I attended a very excellent concert at Queen's Hall the other evening, which was chiefly notice-



MR. NOEL JOHNSON

able for the performances of the givers of the entertainment, Mr. Noel Johnson and Mr. Eben Jackson. Mr. Johnson's violoncello solos were varied, selections being given from Bach, Popper, Martini, Lachner, and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Eben Jackson's piano solos evoked much genuine admiration, particularly his rendering of Moszkowski's Scherzo valse, and I have no hesitation in stating that we are likely to hear a great deal in the future of the talented young pianist, who has now gone to study under the celebrated Moszkowski and Klindworth, and from thence to Vienna to finish under Paderewski's master. Mr. Braxton Smith did justice to himself and the composer in his interpretation of Mr. Eben Jackson's song, "Last Night." The concert was, on the whole, an artistic success, and showed exceeding merit; but why, oh, why, was the lady reciter introduced?

* * *

The Strand Theatre has seen many vicissitudes of fortune, and many a time and oft success has all but crowned the efforts of the enterprising manager. This time the Paulton Comedy Company Syndicate are to be the tenants, and the first piece promised is a farcical comedy from the pens of the Brothers Paulton, joint authors of "Niobe," which had such a successful run at the Strand and also in the provinces.

"Fanny," which seemed to have become a feature at the Strand, suddenly collapsed, owing, I believe, to internal dissensions more than to lack of support. This was more to be regretted, as in this Miss Alma Stanley was immense. Miss Lydia Cowell's character sketches are always delightful, and her performance in "Fanny" was no exception.

* * *

Mr. Fred Kerr seems to have struck success in his first venture at the Vaudeville in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." Take a little bit of "The Private Secretary," add a dash of "Charlie's Aunt," with a *soupçon* of "The Pink Dominoes," pepper over with half-a-dozen other screaming farces, both French and English, and you have "Miss Brown" in a nutshell. Yet the same adventures are most amusing and never vulgar; this being so no one can grumble. Fancy Mr. Kerr in petticoats, and you must laugh. I was passing down the



MR. EBEN JACKSON

Strand the other evening and saw the magic words "Stalls Full," "Dress Circle Full," and so on, throughout different parts of the house; this being so it is not surprising to hear they are turning money away from the doors at the Vaudeville. But Mr. Kerr is not the only amusing one in the company. Mr. Lionel Brough, as a detective, has to be seen to be appreciated; Miss Palfrey also is excellent, and Mr. Rob Harwood, who has done excellent service before now at the Garrick, is to be seen to advantage in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown."

* * *

It is wonderful how quickly actors and actresses, who have for a time ceased to appear nightly on some London stage are forgotten by the fickle public. A good and, I believe, true story is told about a man who was once, and not so very, very many years ago, a very big success at a well-known West End Theatre. He visited Australia and America and was for many years a success also in those countries. Eventually in his wanderings he arrived once more in London, and one evening wandered into the theatre, the scene of his former triumphs, and presenting his card, requested the privilege of admission. He was asked had he ever acted in London. He gave one gasp and on recovering his breath referred his inquirer to the officials of the theatre and rushed into the open to regain his breath. Such is fame. Another example is Mr. John Hastings Batson. Here is a gentleman who has been in the profession for over thirty years, one who acted with Kean and Charles Matthews, Anderson, Hoskins and others, has toured throughout Australia, India and China, who has filled important engagements under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. John Hare, Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and yet now I venture to say is scarcely even known to the every-day play-goer. Nowadays, since the influx of the inflated amateur, old legitimate and sterling actors and actresses are pushed more and more to the wall.

* * *

Miss Florence St. John, who has just returned from a successful tour in the provinces with "Mirette" and "The Chieftain," will shortly appear in a part specially written for her, and one in which she will not only vocalise but act. Nowadays vocalists are supposed to do no more; they are given a line or two just to introduce their song. Who does not look back and remember with pleasure Miss Florence St. John's performances in "Madame Favart"



MR. ROBERT HARWOOD

and "La Mascotte?" We don't get such pieces now. Why is it? Is it that the public don't want them? Rubbish! I don't believe it. Anything good is still acceptable. Is it that we have no one capable of writing such good stuff? That, I fancy, is more the reason. Fancy comparing "Madame Favart" to "Go Bang," or "The Artist's Model," or "Little Christopher Columbus," or any such so-called burlesque.

* * *

Music-halls and Theatres of Varieties are doing good business. A wrestling boom is just now on. The Alhambra was the first to introduce it, and to see the genial face of Mr. Douglas Cox beaming on you as you entered the portals was a sure guarantee that business was going strong. Mr. Charles Morton, not to be outdone, turned on Mrs. Cissy Loftus Justin Huntly McCarthy, who showed us that she still had retained her wonderful power of mimicry. Then Miss Lottie Collins was the next trump card played by the veteran manager, and once again he claimed the trick. Lottie has been absent from us for some time, but she has not deteriorated during that period. Her song of her trip to Paris is very chic, though it lacks the *abandon* of the erstwhile popular "Ta-ra-ra Boom De Ay." One very excellent turn at the Palace, and one that evokes much laughter and amusement, is that

of Mr. Chirgwin, better known as "The White Eyed Kaffir." His manipulation of musical instruments is marvellous, the cello and bagpipes are child's play to him, the banjo and mandoline are simply pastimes; it is when he is reduced to an old tin tray and the long clay pipe that his musical genius really shows up. His pathetic little ballad, "A Poor Blind Boy," is exquisitely rendered and greatly appreciated. So also is his humorous parody on "Beloved Star," though why he should puff one Scotch whisky so much is a mystery. Why does he not try his rhyming powers on J.R.D. for a change, and thus go through the list of the best known blends of "Mountain Dew"?



MISS LYDIA COWELL

* * *

So poor Olympia is no more. The directors did their best to save the entertainment. They had been lavish in their expenditure, and truly had produced one of the most marvellous shows the world has ever been permitted to witness for the sum of one shilling. The public support, latterly, was not forthcoming, and without that valuable adjunct it would be impossible to run any show. So at last the shutters were put up. I should think it would be a long time before any such production is ventured on again. But the great pity of it all is that so many hands are thrown out of employment. Olympia found work, and good work to, for many hundreds of people, and now all these will be thrown on to the already over-glutted market.

* * *

At last the Big Wheel is finished and has revolved. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was one of the first to go round in it, and though beforehand many were heard to say nothing would tempt them to enter one of cars, now ladies are rushing to enjoy the privilege of going round. What is good enough for the Princess is good enough for them. Many more, too, want, like "Helen's Babies," "to see the wheel go round." The Empire of India Exhibition did not require this stimulus, stimulus though it be. Now, also, one can see elephants in the Burma section at work, and altogether a visit to the exhibition will not only prove interesting but also most instructive.



MR. G. H. CHIRGWIN

* * *

The students of the Royal College of Music have shown their appreciation of their late chief, Sir George Grove, who has just retired from the position of Director of the College, by presenting him with an address and a bronze bust of himself. I believe a proviso is that on the decease of Sir George—which event may be in the distant future—the bust reverts to the College.

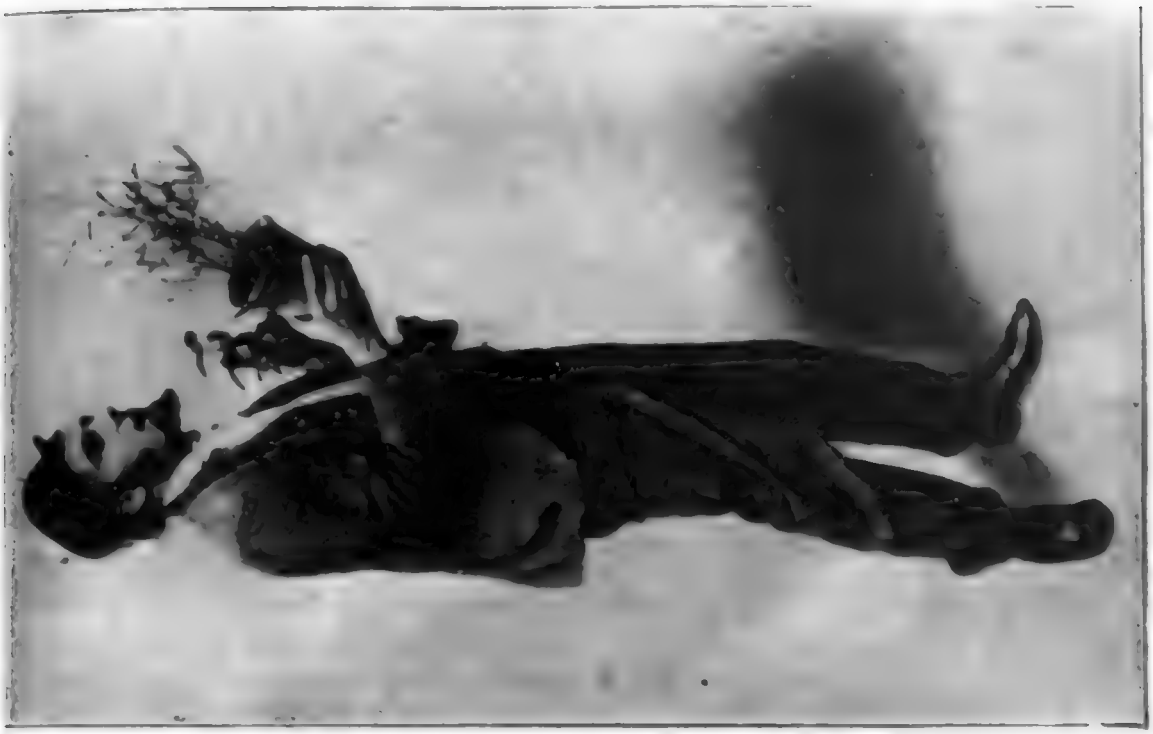
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We are all eagerly waiting for Mr. Forbes Robertson's tenancy of the Lyceum. We have

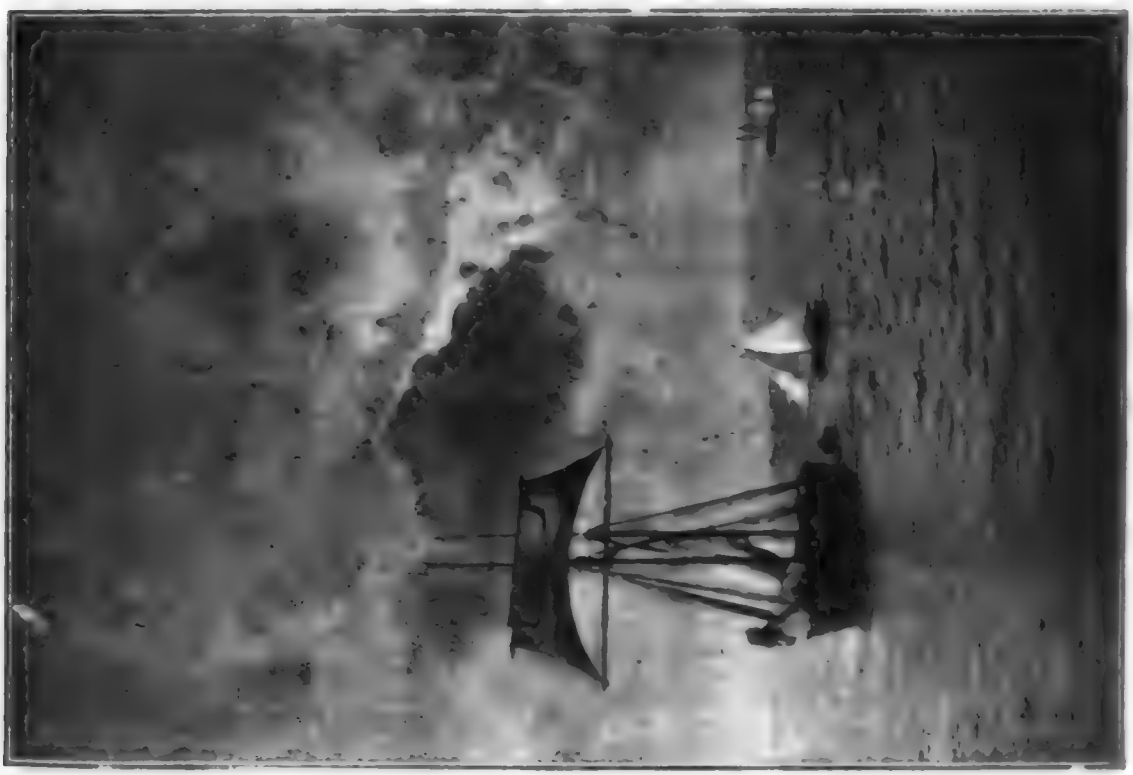
been promised a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Great things are expected from Mr. Robertson, and there is no doubt that with his clear enunciation and excellent elocution he will score heavily. Opinions are divided as to the likely merits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Juliet. There are some who go so far as to say it will be *the* Juliet of the age, while others, of whom I am one, have great doubts, and therefore, we hold our opinions in reserve. Mrs. Campbell has again been out of the bill at the Haymarket, and her absence has been Mrs. Tree's opportunity, of which she has availed herself to the fullest. Having seen the two I must candidly say I much prefer Mrs. Tree.

* * *

Henley this year has been a great gathering. We have had American, French and Dutch visitors, but old England has been triumphant. Two events occurred which, for contrast, deserve comment. Leander and Cornell (America) were drawn together. A mistake took place as the umpire was starting them, and owing to this Leander did not start, but Cornell rowed over the course and claimed the race. Here they were within their rights, no doubt. Next day Eton and an Oxford crew were pitted against one another. At the start Eton caught a crab, whereupon the Oxford crew, in a true sportsman-like manner, scorned to take the advantage and re-started, and by so doing lost the race. How popular it would have been had Cornell displayed the same spirit. The result was that on the next day, when Cornell lost their second heat, the rejoicing was most marked. As a rule we Britishers are ever ready to cheer the stranger within our gates, particularly when he triumphs over one of us. The American visitors were very much to the fore at Henley this year. Many of the houses in the neighbourhood had been bespoken by our transatlantic friends weeks ago, and many and bitter were the disappointments expressed by regular English visitors at the inadequate accommodation left. Prices have been very fancy up the river. Camping ground has been at a premium, and the weather having been all that could be desired everybody was pleased.



"ALL A-BLOWIN'." [Winner for June]



EVENING—BELFAST LOUGH

PUZZLEDOM

218. An Enigma.

No rose can boast a livelier hue
Than I can when my birth is new;
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade within an hour;
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal!

219. A Word Square.

A fowl; thought; natural; a valley.

220. A Charade.

In every gift of fortune I abound,
In me is every vice and virtue found;
With black and blue and green myself I paint,
With me an atheist stands before a saint.
Far before Nature I make Art precede,
And before sovereigns give the poor the lead.
Many who bear the name of learned and wise,
Did I not help them you would oft despise.
Nay, more; within my grasp together bound,
The king, the beggar and the noble's found.
In one thing I excel the proudest lord—
You always may depend upon my word.

CONUNDRUMS.

221. Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?

222. Why is a beggar like an attorney?

223. Why is a man who lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler?

224. What country expresses sorrow?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct, or most correct, answers by 20th August. Competitions should be addressed "August Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

211. A lady's lips.

212.

L
S I P
D E B A R
S E V E R A L
L I B E R A T E D
P A R A D E D
R A T E D
L E D
D

213. Disappointment.

214. When he walks into the preserves.

215. Because words are always passing between them.

216. Because they are both men of many centuries.

217. When Peter stood up and was bold (bowled).

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our June Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Miss F. Hughes, St. Hilary Vicarage, Marazion, Cornwall; Miss Page, The Elms, Bodicote, Banbury; T. G. Burrill, 23, Tarbert Road, Dulwich; Miss Cordukes, Abermarlais Park, Llangadock, South Wales; E. Edwards, 8, Devonshire Road, S.E.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE winning photo for June, "All a-Blowin'," is reproduced on the previous page. "Evening—Belfast Lough" is also an excellent production.

A prize of one guinea will be paid each month to the Competitor sending in the best and most artistic photograph. The Editor's decision on this point to be final.

Subjects may be selected from Landscapes, Seascapes, Studies from Life (people or animals), well-known Buildings, Ruins, &c. The larger the picture the better. But portraits will not be eligible. Silver prints or P.O.P. are preferred, Bromide and Platinotype are objectionable for reproduction.

All photos sent in must be mounted on smooth card and named at the foot of print.

The Competitor's name and address must be written clearly on the back of each subject.

The Coupon, which will be found at the bottom of the Contents page of this number of THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE, *must be cut out and pasted on the back of any one photo sent in and be signed by the Competitor.*

A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, provided they are sent in one parcel and accompanied by a Coupon. One Coupon will be sufficient for each parcel, whether it contains one or more photos, and should be addressed, "August Photos," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, *Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.*

No photographs will be returned under any circumstances, but will remain the property of the Editor.

The winning photo for the month, together with such other photos that the Editor may select, will be reproduced in THE LUDGATE, *together with the winner's name and address.*

The Competition for August will close on the 30th August and the winner will be announced in our October Number.

A £10 10s. PRIZE OFFERED.

The Monthly Competition has proved so popular that we propose to add another Competition.

We therefore offer one of the Celebrated Frena ¼-plate Hand Cameras, with case and tripod, value £10 10s., for the best *series* of photographs (not less than six nor more than twelve) sent in by any Competitor any time up to 30th August. The Competition will close on 30th August.

Similar subjects may be selected as those eligible for the Monthly Competitions. But they must form a *Series*. Thus a series of views of some interesting historical town, seaside resort, cathedral, castle, ruins, &c., or studies of animals, &c.

A Competitor can send in any number of series provided that each series is accompanied by a signed coupon. The above Rules to be observed. Particulars of the Frena will be found in our advertisement pages.

The Prize of One Guinea for the June Competition has been awarded to A. P. Himing, 30, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

Literary & Artistic Prize Competitions

FOR

NOVEL PLOTS, DRAWINGS, VERSES, AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS, AND ANECDOTES.

THE Editor of the *Ludgate*, desirous of furnishing Amateurs of literary and artistic tastes with means of appraising the value of their work, has decided to present silver medals of handsome design for :—

THE BEST ORIGINAL PLOT FOR A NOVEL, outlined within the scope of a page of the magazine, or about eight hundred words.

THE BEST ORIGINAL DRAWING to be reproduced as a page of the magazine, though the original may, and indeed, ought to be, larger.

THE BEST SET OF ORIGINAL VERSES, which the writer may, if preferred, give in the form of a decorative page.

THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH (silver print) of a subject of general interest, to be reproduced as a page of the magazine.

THE BEST ORIGINAL ANECDOTE ABOUT AN ANIMAL, with or without an illustration, to fill a page of the magazine.

MSS, Drawings and Photographs forwarded for competition become the property of the Editor of the *Ludgate*, though writers and draughtsmen are not debarred from afterwards using the ideas therein embodied in any fashion they please.

CONTRIBUTIONS, marked "Prize Competitions," must reach the *Ludgate* Offices, Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C., by the 25th of August; and the prize-winners will be announced in the October Number.

THE Editor reserves the right to publish any of the contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be published.

The Nature of the Competitions will vary from month to month.

For the next batch of Subjects see the "Ludgate" for September.



FLORILINE

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Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
PREVENTS the DECAY of the Teeth.

Renders the Teeth Pearly White.

Is partly composed of Honey and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is Perfectly HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

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In Glass Jars. Price 1s.

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MEXICAN
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
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